



Illusions and Disillusions

—
By C. Jones

Touching Upon Topics in Everyday Life



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Art C. Johnson

ILLUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONS

*Touching upon Topics
in Every Day Life*

BY
EDITH C. JOHNSON



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TO THE MANY LOYAL FRIENDS
AND READERS WHOSE GEN-
EROUS ENCOURAGEMENT HAS
MADE PUBLICATION POSSIBLE,
THIS BOOK IS APPRECIATIVELY
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

The essays in this book have been selected from my writings which have appeared daily in the *Oklahoman* during the past two years. For the most part, I have chosen the essays which have brought me the widest response from my readers, those that have impelled readers to say to me, "I have had the very same thoughts, though I did not put them into so many words".

In a single sentence we have the function of the writer—to put other persons' ideas, thoughts and aspirations into definite, readable form. Writers have no monopoly on thoughts and ideas—which are the common property of mankind. Many of the most vital thoughts in this volume have come to me from others, who gave them out, consciously or unconsciously. Thoughts and ideas come from everywhere. Really, we live in a surging sea of thought.

In this, my first volume, I have discussed a good many subjects which perplex men and women who are much wiser than myself. My excuse for daring to analyze them is that I lay no claim to special knowledge, nor do I boast of any ability to offer the final solution. I merely try to talk things over, rather intimately with my readers, and to present my ideas in a simple, straightforward and common-sense way.

Sometimes, my readers ask me how it is that I can find so much to write about, how it is that, barring emergencies, I can write 365 days in the year. If that be a triumph of energy and industry, it is one that I want to share fairly with hundreds of friends and

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

readers. One of the most delightful aspects of the work that I am so happy to be doing is the great number of letters and messages and requests that come to me, suggesting live topics, or asking for a discussion of some given subject. When I first began to write these daily essays, I had moments of terror when I wondered how long I could keep them up. Now, I know that I do not have to make any great effort to keep this work going. Men, women, their emotions, their perplexities, their ideas, together with the march of events in the world, will keep the thing going for me. And not the least of the many charms this work has for me is the occasional discovery of myself. So often, it happens that we do not know what we think, how we feel about a subject, until we are forced to think about it, to marshal our ideas and put down our thoughts. Then, we find that beneath the superficial or mortal consciousness, there is a deeper consciousness which comes forward and in the most delightfully obliging manner gives up all kinds of ideas and impressions we did not dream were there. All the time, that deeper consciousness has been quietly thinking, feeling, sorting, arranging, and it is no secret among the guild of writers, that it is when they are able to tap the wells of that deeper consciousness they do their best work. And after all, it is not a personal consciousness, but a reflection of the world consciousness, which is a very complex thing, indeed, something concerning which the best of us can understand but little, but about which all of us constantly are trying to learn more.

E. C. J.

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INTRODUCTION.

I recently took a long dip in the *Spectator*, of Addison and Steele, to make up my mind whether the Essays are really classics or only classics that are dead and don't know it. This thing I soon found; that time after time I started upon a *Spectator* essay, resolved to read only a part of it, to get its gist and apprehend its purpose, and every time I read to the end. This is a pretty sure test of the classic.

I have had exactly the same experience in reading Edith Johnson's essays as they appeared in newspaper form. Scanning the paper, with meager time at my disposal, deeply interested in the events of the day, I would say to myself, "I will skip Miss Johnson this time". But if I read the first paragraph, I found it necessary to go on to the end. I feel sure this same experience must have come to thousands of her readers. She would be the last to claim that this quality of her writing establishes it as classic; but it seems fair to say that it does indicate a highly unusual power of interest and charm in the art of writing. R. L. S. said that the first principle of novel writing is to make every page interesting. Miss Johnson makes every paragraph interesting, and this is distinctly a greater achievement in the essay than in the novel.

Miss Johnson seems to have no conscious style of writing. I am particular to use the word "seems". The uncritical reader would probably say, if asked about her style, that she has just a natural style. He could not pay a higher compliment. He is speaking better than he knows. Every practiced writer has a conscious style, and if he succeeds in making it natural at last, he has arrived at that perfection of art which conceals art.

But this quality of interestingness does not inhere in style alone. Miss Johnson stays very closely with those facts of life which are of daily and universal interest; and since literature is the expression of life, she is always expressing life, always saying things for the multitude which the multitude cannot or does not say for itself.

INTRODUCTION

Thus it comes about that she puts into adequate expression the nebulous thoughts of the many, so that each one is moved to say, "I have often thought just that". Yes, he has often thought it, but it has been vague and valueless; now it is fixed and permanent.

Her writings constitute, in fact, a philosophy of every day life—in particular of the every day life of women. She writes of women's problems with remarkable frankness and freedom and therefore does not escape their criticism. But on the whole the soundness of her views is recognized, and it is not surprising to learn that when a certain women's club recently voted its opinion as to those persons who are entitled to mention among the "Who's Who" of this state, Miss Johnson's name won the greatest applause of all. Perhaps the dominant note of her championship of women is the claim of their economic independence and the assertion of their individual personality. But she goes about it reasonably. She is no man-hater, raging at her sex's wrongs. She is not even a feminist—though, come to think about it, perhaps she is. It depends on what you mean. If she is, it is with satisfactory reservations.

But the woman question in all its angles is only one phase of her wide-ranging literary production. She wrote on every issue of the war, and supported **every** good activity connected with it, with eager patriotism and convincing power; she writes with equal poise of home-making and of city-building; she has a very facile pen indeed for criticism in art; her interviews with celebrities are interesting in every line, for they tell us just what we wish to know; she appreciates the material conquests of men, but stands staunchly for the ideal; she writes of the emotional side of life with a very rare insight, sympathy, and power. It is not strange, then, that she is undoubtedly the most widely read writer in the state and that her name is becoming more and more widely known beyond its limits.

Every reader of this volume should remember that a book of essays is not to be read at one sitting.

A. C. SCOTT.

ARE YOU LIKED AT HOME?



OW do you stand in your own home? Are you popular with your own family, or is your good reputation confined to the esteem that you win from the world outside?

When you go away for a season, do the polite farewells of your relatives conceal a secret sense of relief? Are their protests of regret well-invented fictions, or do they feel the regret they express?

When you return, is there a genuine expression of delight over your home-coming? Do your relatives look upon your re-appearance as the coming of sunshine into the family circle, or do they in their desire to be kindly, have to try to make you feel a welcome that is not in their hearts?

It makes little difference what a big figure you cut in the world, if you cut a poor one at home. You may win a national reputation for achievement, and still be a failure if those that are nearest to you cannot award you the palm of success in your home relations and life. A man may possess a genius so extraordinary as to make him an international figure. Yet if his wife and children do not listen for the sound of his voice eagerly, he likely will not weigh very heavily in the scales of eternity. No matter how popular a woman may be in society, how forceful in club work, philanthropy and politics, her achievements are a negligible quantity if she is not gracious, gentle and lovable in her own circle; if her presence is not like a benediction within the four walls of her home.

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When a man is running for office and his own district, whether it be precinct, ward, county or state, returns a vote against him, you may be pretty sure that there is something wrong with that man. The home-folk very probably know him. Most any of us, by the exercise of a little cleverness can achieve a certain degree of favor and popularity among people who know only our surface manner and character. But it takes men and women of pure purpose, fine disposition and sound character to stand well among those who are in a position to know them best.

The thing that really counts in this life is the estimate that is put upon us by the members of our own families, by our associates in business and the people in our home town.

When I hear men and women complaining that they, as prophets, are without honor in their own country, that their talents and abilities are not appreciated, I cannot help wondering if they are not overestimating their own abilities and expecting deserts that do not rightfully belong to them. If we do anything to deserve praise, we most certainly are going to get it. Nor do we have to rush off to the ends of the world to make a reputation for our abilities, if we have something that is worth while. Look at William Allen White, Walt Mason and Ed Howe. They have something the world wanted and the world went to them.

You may go into a strange country, and armed with certain talents and plenty of sophistication, you can put yourself over. But what deep or lasting satisfaction will that bring you, if you cannot put yourself over in your own home?


ARE YOU LIKED AT HOME?

What good will it do you to make a fortune out of your town, if the people in it do not love and admire you? The respect that you win from the world by reason of your peculiar abilities is a pretty chilly thing, if it is not accompanied by the love and admiration of the people who make that success possible to you.

The only real and lasting honor and admiration that can come to any of us must come from those that stand nearest to us—the members of our families, our friends, our associates and our townspeople.

If you are the prophet without honor in your own country—don't blame the country—look into your own heart.

WOMEN PREFER PLAIN MEN

“HAT do women most admire in men? Doctor Paola Mantegazza, the celebrated Italian anthropologist and pathologist, declares, in “The Book of Love”, that the three masculine qualities most admired by women are strength, courage, and talent.

It is significant that no writer, no philosopher, puts much faith in beauty as a source of masculine attractiveness. And despite his contention that “all love phenomena are based on and dominated by aesthetic considerations”, Doctor Mantegazza admits that sheer beauty will not render a man charming to the majority of women. In fact, most women are rather afraid of masculine pulchritude. They hesitate long before they will marry a handsome man with the expectation of lifelong fidelity.

This element of fear, undoubtedly, has reconciled the majority of women to the rather prevalent plainness in men, despite the assertions of science that their daughters must inherit their good looks from their fathers, and not from them. For it has been pretty well demonstrated that pretty girls have their fathers to thank for their prettiness, and that beauty is perpetuated through the male, not the female line.

Plain men, however, have not suffered from unpopularity and their plainness has not been an appreciable handicap to their success in either business or society. In this respect, the sexes manifest a marked difference. A woman's loveliness is her greatest asset. One might

parody a famous line in poetry to read, "Beauty is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence".

Man's plainness, largely the result of our hustle, our get-rich-quick methods, the strain and stress of commercial competition, of too much smoking and too much indiscriminate drinking, all of which have served to stunt his growth and enfeeble his constitution, is generally atoned for by intelligence, good manners and appearance. Even downright ugliness is frequently redeemed by an alert expression and an air of distinction. A stern jaw often suggests strength of will, firmness of character and latent reserve powers. In small eyes there may lurk the fire of genius, or at least, the deathless enthusiasm that accomplishes things. A wrinkled brow will give evidence of deep thought and large powers of concentration. Good eyes will invariably atone for rugged or irregular features. A short man can hold himself with an upright smartness, and a tall well-set-up figure will literally cover a multitude of small physical imperfections.

The plainest man can make himself attractive by a proper consideration for his dress. He can show his wit in the choice of his tailor, and he can select clothes that will give the impression of his being at once opulent, artistic and business-like. Now, an orthodox writer would, at this point, dilate on the hideousness of man's dress, its utter lack of grace and want of color. Being a free lance, I will declare that the average well-dressed man never looked better than in his well-selected business or lounge suit, and the present day military uniform, designed for its utility, with its olive-drab color as a means of camouflage, is really a very stunning thing.

It frequently happens that a plain man will have a definite power of attraction for the loveliest of women. It may be that she is attracted to her opposite, or it may be that she will brook no rival near her throne. Then, too, the trend of modern thought may have something to say on the subject. The modern woman with her newly-acquired freedom, her recent invasion of man's world, her ideals of strenuous living, has no use for an insipid man, though he may be as handsome as Apollo. She can find no place in her affection for the scented exquisite or the glorified dandy that charmed his lady in the days of Watteau. Rather would she see him brown and rough-hewn, and serenely unaware of his lack of grace. She knows, too, that many a plain face and form is the outward shell of a big soul, a keen brain and a soaring ambition. She has more or less scorn for the "beauty man".

If civilization and big business had not marred them in the making, we might have a good many more handsome, stalwart men. Our forbears handed down to us a fairly rich legacy in the way of health, strength and physical perfections. The Celts gave us dark eyes and hair and clear, bright complexions. The Anglo-Saxon contributed blue eyes, fair hair and skin and a tremendous endurance. We owe no small debt to the Danish invaders for their height, fine forms and splendid physique.

"Man must make himself more manly in order to conquer the love of the daughters of Eve," says Doctor Mantegazza. They will have to be regular Napoleons and Cæsars if they are going to conquer the women of a future day.

SANE SELF-INTEREST



DO YOU take an interest in yourself? This is not necessarily a foolish question, for the world holds a good many persons who are not sufficiently enterprising to take a genuine and wholesome interest in themselves. Barring the desire to have something to eat, a roof over their heads and a few clothes, they are scarcely more concerned about their own destinies than those of people they do not know.

Being interested in yourself does not infer either vanity or conceit. It simply means that you will make the best of your environment, your talents and your opportunities. If you are interested in yourself, you will take care to train your mind. You will not be content to use 10 per cent of your capacity. You will try to get a 100 per cent result. If you are interested in yourself, you will not permit yourself to go through life and learn nothing from your experiences. The purpose of experience is to develop men and women mentally and spiritually. Some persons can travel around the world and be none the richer on their return. Others are visited with love, with sorrow, with disappointment, with opportunity, and yet remain static year after year. They do not grow one whit wiser or kinder or more sympathetic. They die with the same stock of ideas, feelings and opinions that they carried around with them in their youth.

If you are interested in yourself, you will take care of your body. You will ascertain just what you can endure, and you will not encroach upon the margin of your health and strength. People who are top-heavy,

that is people who have powerful minds and frail bodies, have to conserve their forces carefully, or one blue day they die at the top. Nor is it sufficient to strike a safe balance between wear and repair. For if you are interested in yourself, you will want to keep yourself not only physically well, but physically attractive. You will make personal cleanliness a part of your religion, and you would as soon go without your dinner as your bath. You will not wear just anything that strikes your fancy. You will first ask yourself these questions: "Is it appropriate? Is it becoming? Will it insure my looking well-dressed? I cannot expect people to love and admire me just for my mind and character. I must be pleasing to the eye as well".

If you are properly interested in yourself you will try to make friends wherever you are, for much of the happiness of life is secured by means of pleasant associations.

The easiest and surest way of making friends is to take a sincere interest in others. Men and women instinctively feel a friendly and unselfish interest whenever they come in contact with it. If you want friends you will first have to be one. Another thing—you will have to be cheerful about it. Friendship is a plant that loves the sun. It does not grow well under clouds.

How often we hear people say, "I care for only a few friends". That is a very mistaken and short-sighted policy. We need all the friends that we can make. We need to have people feeling kindly toward us. We need to cast out love and cheer and favors on many waters if we expect them to return to us in after days. The idea that any human being can be so self-sufficient as to get

along without friends is the extreme of folly. Certain rich men seem to cherish that notion. How lonely they are when misfortune comes!

If you are interested in yourself, you will make up your mind to love your work. The other day a working woman said to me: "I love my work and I grow younger with it". Now, if I were to tell you how she makes her living you would probably say, "Oh, I would loathe doing that!" for her work is of a very taxing and fatiguing character. But, making it, as she does, the means by which she can radiate a bit of sunshine in her world every day, the means by which she can help and serve others, she cannot help being happy in that work. So much heart and mind and sweetness does she put into it that it becomes a constant source of inspiration to her.


If you are interested in yourself, you will try to be as happy as you can. About nine-tenths of all the illness in this world is due to unhappiness. A bitter hour acts like a dose of poison. It filters through every pore of your body, and it paralyzes the powers of the mind.

Happiness is a physical and mental cocktail. A smile takes the edge off of care. A cheerful attitude makes the thing that looked as if it might become a burden just as ordinary circumstances of life. One of the greatest problems of life is to fill our days with sunshine. Little favors extended to others, the passing word of encouragement, unselfish deeds done in an open-hearted manner, courtesies scattered by the way, a sincere and timely appreciation of the other fellow's efforts, help to make us as well as others happy. No pleasure can surpass that of the consciousness of a strong and generous character. It is a solace for one's darkest hour.

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This may sound paradoxical, but it is true, nevertheless, that if you are not rightly interested in yourself you cannot be genuinely interested in other people. Sane self-interest is a distinctly human quality. If you are sufficiently interested in yourself to make the very best out of your life and talents, you will want others to do likewise. No man can actually lift himself without lifting others with him. That is one of the inexorable laws of life.

HUMAN SHOCK ABSORBERS

“ SN'T she a desperately uncomfortable person?”
a woman remarked of one of her friends.
“No matter what happens she worries about
it. Everything in life is hard for her, not
because she is more unfortunate than others, but because
she takes it so. Wouldn't it be a blessing to her and
those about her if she could live more comfortably?”

Comfortable people are the shock absorbers of society. By their good nature and their philosophical acceptance of unpleasant facts and events, they seem to be able to take the jar out of living, both for themselves and their associates. They always seem to be ready to meet emergencies, and not to be greatly disturbed by them. They smile easily, though they do not giggle or laugh continually.

How many times you have been at a party where, though the guests were clever enough, everybody appeared to be on a strain! The atmosphere had that oppressive feeling that precedes a storm. All the clever people in the company were working just as hard as they could to maintain their reputation for cleverness and to entertain the group. Some of them were even brilliant. Yet, between every one of their sallies, a deadly silence would fall over the company and everybody would be ill at ease.

Then, suddenly, one of those thoroughly comfortable women would enter that tense room. Though she did not make the slightest effort to be brilliant, everybody's nerves relaxed under the influence of her spontaneity.

Her remarks probably were quite commonplace. Yet, who expects or wants one of those soothing, healing comfortable persons to be purveyors of wit?

Too many persons believe that the world can be saved only by strife and turmoil; like, for instance, the "reds". They cannot conceive of bettering conditions amicably. They must tear down the whole structure and rebuild in their own way. They want to set everybody right in a minute. They have no conception of the methods that are used by the comfortable people in order to right some of this world's wrongs. They do not, like the comfortable people, know just how far to go.

"You know I have principles", said a woman with a militant air. So, indeed, should she have principles. Everybody should have principles. However, there is such a thing as being too noisy and insistent about your principles, particularly in the ordinary touch-and-go of life. These people who are so constantly aware of their principles are very trying creatures. Never are they able to see the humor in their own actions. Nor are they ever capable of doing that eminently comfortable thing—laugh at themselves.

"I just get up in the morning and I say to myself as I start to work: 'Here is another beautiful day'."

You know, already, don't you, that she is one of the comfortable women who no matter what happens is ready to smile and speak a kind word to all human creatures, regardless of their condition of life. If you were in her place, you would probably think that you were having a very hard time of it. But she doesn't think so. She does not work merely to get a living, but in her contacts with the public, to make others happy


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and comfortable. And you won't be surprised will you, dearly beloved, when I tell you that every year she looks younger than she looked the year before. How such women do teach us the folly of ill-natured resistance! How their everyday lives are an exposition of that good old text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof".

Chronically uncomfortable persons wear out the patience and affection of their friends. Your friends are quick to give you their help and sympathy when you have some real sorrow or difficulty. The best and most devoted to them, however, cannot forever put up with irritability and complaining. Constant nagging will wear out the staunchest friendship, just as it rends asunder many a home.

When you look at the comfortable people, you wonder why more of us do not imitate them, so great are their rewards. They may not always make a million or achieve worldwide fame. Nevertheless, they get through life with less wear and tear on their minds and their bodies. They enjoy more tranquility and happiness than most of us. They draw friends to them continually and they make everybody love them.

GOOD TALKERS CAN BE MADE

" HENEVER I accept an invitation to dinner or to an evening party where the company does not play cards, I find myself at a painful loss for something interesting to say'', is the burden of one reader's plaint. "The longer I remain silent, the more terrified I am. Sometimes I am so uncomfortable that I vow right then that I never will be guilty of accepting another invitation. Can you suggest how I may remedy this defect in myself?"

There are two classes of persons who fail at conversation. One includes those who suffer so keenly from self-consciousness that they are frightened at the sound of their own voices. The other class comprises those who can think of nothing interesting to say. No remedy can be prescribed for the first class of sufferers except to assure them that intelligence, common sense and determination, if exercised diligently, will work the miracle and to reiterate that trite saying that if they will think more of the pleasure and happiness of others and less about themselves, they will likely find their tongues and get along very well.

The ability to talk is much like the ability to write. If you have something to write, you can find words in which to write it. If you have something to say, you can usually find a way to say it. For it is having something to write or to say that makes the interesting writer or talker. You are moved to comment upon the shallowness of an acquaintance's conversation for precisely the same reason that you throw aside a book, a magazine

or newspaper with the remark: "There is absolutely nothing in that". Facility of expression will not conceal poverty of thought.

It is a wise man who is eager to correct his deficiency as a conversationalist and who will take the trouble to effect the change, for men and women cannot overestimate the advantage of being good talkers. A pleasant manner of approach and the ability to talk entertainingly and sympathetically will open the door to almost every heart. A good talker is welcome in every community. Hostesses seek him for their dinner tables. Men welcome him in their clubs. Wherever he goes, he makes friends and he secures customers and clients. Every man who is successful owes something of his advancement to his ability to talk pleasingly and intelligently, just as every man who is a failure must charge up a part of his failure to his inability to present his case.

You may be poor and you may feel that you have no chance in life. You may have others dependent upon you, and for that reason, you may not have been able to go to school as much as you should have gone. Your environment may be anything but inspiring. The people about you may be flippant, slangy and slipshod in their speech. Your ears may be tortured with vulgarisms such as: "You bet your life", "Search me", "Well, isn't that the limit?" "Yes, I gave him the once over and believe me, I don't think he is any great shakes". Even so, you may train yourself to be a delightful talker if in spite of the tearing-down influence of your associations, you will think carefully before you speak, if you will read and observe and listen to every good talker

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you meet. If you are sincerely ambitious, every good book, every well-written magazine or newspaper article will be a help to you.

You see men and women who have unpleasant mannerisms, and a clumsy way of expressing themselves, although you know they have had a good education and some opportunity to associate with people of refinement. You wonder how they could have remained blunderers all their lives. It is because they are too self-satisfied to subject themselves to a severe self-analysis, or too lazy for self-discipline. They take themselves as they find themselves and they expect others to do the same.

There is no deep and dark mystery about being a good talker. Anyone may cultivate the art of being a good conversationalist who will take the trouble to do so. Success as a talker is achieved by the same methods as every other kind of success. Good talkers do not happen. They are evolved by thought, observation, study and persistent effort. They must have as a background a fair knowledge of the world's literature and history. They must keep well up on current events. They must do enough independent thinking to have a few ideas of their own. Then, they must know how to clothe their knowledge, their thoughts and ideas in an attractive form.

To confess that you are not and cannot be a good conversationalist is tantamount to admitting that you will not pay the price.

SALESMANSHIP FOR WIVES



EVERY one of us has something to sell. The lawyer sells his knowledge of the law, his ability to advise a client and to represent him in the courts. The doctor sells his ability to diagnose an ailment, his knowledge of the best means of treating it, and perhaps, his skill as a surgeon. The architect sells his ability to design a building and oversee its construction. The engineer sells his capacity for running a locomotive, the stenographer her skill as a typist and her ability to look after the details of her employer's business. The writer sells ideas and his skill in presenting them. Everybody that is anybody stands ready to dispose of his product, his ideas or his service. For this reason every man and every woman should be a student of salesmanship.

“What could I do with a knowledge of salesmanship?” demands a wife who has not grasped the idea that like all other workers she has something to sell and the more skill she acquires in the selling, the happier and more successful she will be.

Every wife ought to be a careful student of salesmanship. And if she would set herself to this task, I believe in almost every instance it would do away with that all too prevalent feeling that her work does not amount to anything. She would come to understand that the only person whose work does not amount to anything is the one whose work is not well done. She would also see that she is not a “dependent”, that she by her skilled service absolutely earns her living and the money she has to spend.

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Do you know the four steps in making a sale?

They are to arouse interest, to create desire, to make the sale, and to insure satisfaction.

The steps taken in consummating a marriage are identical with those in effecting a sale. Woman's first step is to arouse the interest of an eligible man. The next is to create in him a desire to marry her. Marriage is the third step and satisfaction and happiness in married life is the fourth and last.

Suppose that our heroine is safely married. What does she sell her husband? First, her personal devotion to him, her ability to encourage his efforts in his business or profession, and her power to inspire him. Her second service is her ability to manage a home with efficiency, and to make it attractive to him. The third of her marketable wares is her capacity for bringing up a family. Practically every man who marries expects that he shall receive in return for his love, his support and protection of his wife these three aforementioned things. The woman who makes a failure of her marriage, supposing that she has married the right kind of man, is the woman who does not comprehend or practice these fundamental principles of salesmanship.

Marriage, like any other kind of business, is the science of service. This science a wife can apply through her power to create satisfaction and happiness in her husband. Usually, we can tell at a glance the wife who has this power to serve. She manifests it in her appearance and her manner, in the skill and ease with which she runs her home, in her husband's appearance of well-being, in the good health, good conduct and the progress of her children.

You have noticed, of course, that the successful salesman markets his goods with the same customers year after year, and that seldom does he lose one. Though his rivals may offer merchandise just as good, he knows how to keep his customers in the attitude of wanting his own particular line. So it is with the wife who is a good saleswoman. She keeps her husband wanting her, depending upon her, loving her, feeling that he could not live without her, that her loss would be irreparable. No other woman has any temptation for him. She is the only woman in the world so far as he is concerned. The same principle applies to her children. She convinces them and keeps them convinced that she is the best, brightest, cleverest, most sympathetic and understanding mother that ever lived.

Every woman who anticipates marriage, every woman who is married, should have this motto graven on her heart, "She profits most who serves best", for that is the epitome of salesmanship.

IDEAL OF "PANSY HILL"



HAVE just said to my wife that we will start another 'Pansy Hill'." These interesting words were uttered by a young professional man who with his wife had just gone into a city to make it their future home. Like a great many other young couples, they had not yet made their millions and they could not indulge their rather æsthetic taste in the selection of a home. Their little pile would not buy the latest style of architecture, hard wood floors, white enamel and grounds that had been done by a landscape gardener. But, loving beautiful things as they did, they would content themselves with an unpretentious cottage and small grounds which they would convert into a Pansy Hill.

You never have heard of Pansy Hill, have you? Well, it is a little log house perched on a knoll and overlooking the surrounding country, near Harriman, Tennessee. In the house lives an elderly couple, who by thought and labor have made their modest cottage one of the show places of Tennessee. The place is a riot of bloom, pansies predominating. Men and women from everywhere drive out to see it, and it is the envy of not a few persons who make their homes in mansions.

Everybody cannot be rich, but everybody can create beauty in his surroundings. The crucial test of true gentility is not wealth but poverty. The real aristocrats of this world keep a hold on the sweet courtesies of life, and strive to create beauty around them even in time of adversity. When they have to accept a condition that

is not in harmony with their taste and ideas, they take it and make the best of it. They are gloriously poor while some other folk are hideously wealthy, and they smile with gentle indulgence upon the latter and bitterness does not enter their souls.

When people can take an old and unattractive house, and make a Pansy Hill out of it, and when they remain kind and dignified and gracious through the hard daily test of contriving to make both ends meet, they are the real thing. The possession of money shields a great many men and women from having to take this test. Life is made so easy for them that they have no opportunity to find out just how they would react if they were subjected to the acid test of insufficient means.

Among the things that make the cities and towns of a new country so attractive are the energy and the initiative of the people who are making the prairie blossom like a rose. The love of beauty and cleverness are made to take the place of much money, and some of the most charming places are the smallest and humblest of the town. The Pansy Hill idea, buttressed by fine character and good taste, is working many a miracle, and as you ride through the streets, you feel this keenly and you are grateful that it is so.

I like to think that the idea of good taste and character is growing in our nation, and that the refinements of life count for a great deal more than the loose conduct and extravagance which have become too popular among us within the past few years. Customs may change, new laws may be passed, fashions may come and go, but our adjustment to everyday life always will remain our own particular and personal business. And if we are not

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able to realize ourselves in the places that we are, we will be a discordant people and our minds will be those of pettish children, who are continually crying for things they want that are out of their reach.

A Pansy Hill is bound to be ten times more interesting than any mansion planned by a high-priced architect and furnished by a high-priced decorator, for the personalities of its owners enter into it and become a part of it, in a way that no scientifically planned and made-to-order structure ever can be. And often there is more of the real home spirit in places that have been planned with love and beautified by sacrifice than in some of the million-dollar places which adorn our cities and towns.

Some of our citizens will laugh at my Pansy Hill philosophy and call me "sentimental". I shall not contradict them, for I also believe that a great many sensible women and brainy business men will agree with me about it. Am I wrong?

PERSONALITY IS THE KEY



LBERT HUBBARD had one pet expression—it was “personality plus”. In fact, Hubbard was the first man in this country persistently to preach the power of personality. His “Little Journeys” and his “Philistine” were brimming over with his observations on the influence wielded by personal force and charm.

What is personality?

Nobody in this world has been able to take its measure, or to lay down all the rules necessary for its cultivation. You can’t draw a diagram of personality, nor chart the limitless sea of its influence.

We do know this—that every genuinely superior man or woman is bound to be a personality. But God never duplicates. Each is different from the other. So, if you can actually decide what constitutes personality in one man, that will not do you much good in determining what it is or how it ought to operate in another.

Men are like God—they create in their own image.

If you conceive a great project, it is as Emerson says, the lengthened shadow of yourself.

If you paint a portrait, you are bound to paint two, one of yourself and a second of the sitter.

If you conceive a hero and set out to write his story, you will unconsciously tell your own while you are relating his.

It makes little difference what you do, you will photograph yourself finally on the negative of your career.

There was a time when any honest, upright, sober, industrious citizen could make his way in this world with a fair and dependable degree of success.

That time has passed—and added to a half dozen virtues and abilities, sufficient to furnish forth a very fair career, there must be today at least a half dozen more—and the greatest of this number is that of personality.

For every personality that is born, there are ten that are made—hewed out of sheer intelligence, persistent effort, keen observation and patient practice.

When we speak of the self-made man, we really mean a self-made personality.

Many of us follow the slovenly habit of taking it for granted that we are just about all right, and that we will get through somehow as we are. This is the habit that accounts for mediocrity—it is the habit to which efficiency experts attribute 90 per cent of all failures, the one that explains why the majority are only 25 per cent as efficient as they might be.

Educators are just beginning to realize that it is as necessary to instruct their pupils in the cultivation of efficient personality as it is to teach them a, b and c.

For personality, or in other words, the power of persuasion, is that which determines the character and color of our lives almost from the cradle.

It is the strongest and most attractive personality in every family that receives the greatest favors, that is given the most advantages.

As we grow up, personality begins to take effect in the school room. Through its influence and persuasion, we get on with our teachers, and we induce our playmates

to respect, not despise us. It is personality that persuades men to seek out women and women to marry men. Personality is a large factor in the earning of our wages. Through personality we get desirable persons to accept our hospitality as well as to offer us theirs. It persuades our friends and neighbors to yield us consideration and social pleasure. Through personality we secure the best loyalty and the most valuable service.


The man of personality binds other men to him with hoops of steel. He fires them with his own enthusiasm and fills them with his purpose.

Personality, more than any one other force, has the power to purchase all the good things of life. Wealth is not amassed, social position is not attained, honor is not due, power does not flow, pleasure is not secured, and the happiness of a harmonious life is not realized in its fullness, except through the persuasion of personal force and charm.

For personality is the key which opens every door.

Yet, how few of us take the trouble to forge that instrument!

WIDOWERS: CAN THEY LOVE AGAIN?

“ AN a woman who marries a widower hope to have real love from him”, asks a reader, “or has he only the warmed over kind to offer”?

That depends entirely upon the individual.

A very few men can love only once in their lives. The greater number, however, can love as long as life lasts.

Every woman must be her own judge of how well a man loves her. Nobody else can tell her that. There is no reason, however, why she should have misgivings because her suitor is a widower. The second wife is usually better loved and better treated than the first. Where the first wife wore serge, the second wears silk. Though the first was expected to “do her own work” uncomplainingly, the second wife must be served. While street cars are often good enough for first wives, their successors usually have automobiles. The differential is not necessarily due to the increased prosperity of the husband. The widower has discovered that it is possible for a man to lose a good wife. The husband seldom thinks of that.

I once heard a very complacent wife say that the woman who marries a widower must not expect that he shall really love her; when she marries him she must reconcile herself to the remains of his heart.

This type of women will not only spread this propaganda among other women—she will do her best to convince her husband, and all his friends, as well, being the kind of woman who not only demands all of a man’s life while she is living, but all of his thoughts after she is dead.

This reminds me of the story of a widower who mar-

ried a girl and took her to his home. Before the bride had removed her hat, the husband had the termerity to hand her a letter written by his first wife to be turned over to his second and read by her at the outset of her married life. The writer expressed the generous hope that her successor would make her husband very happy. There was not a definitely impolite or unkind line in it; yet it was so constructed that every word conveyed a sting. Can you imagine a more subtle revenge for a dying wife to take upon the unsuspecting woman who might some day take her place?

One of the severest trials that confronts a woman marrying a widower and one that she must keep locked up in the innermost recesses of her soul is having to look daily into the eyes of little children that reflect neither her husband's nature nor her own. It is a noble, high-minded and unselfish woman who makes up her mind and holds to her decision that the children of a former wife shall be treated as tenderly as if they were her own, that she never will be revenged upon the dead by striking at the living descendant of a former wife. I am convinced that the chief reason why most stepmothers are so hard upon their stepchildren is their impulse to take revenge upon the woman who has gone before. If it be true that the spirits of the dead are aware of the thoughts, the purposes and acts of the living, what anguish, what sufferings must be those of a mother, who with the greater understanding of the immortal, can see her children being punished for her sake! It is also a very severe tax upon a woman's generosity to take up her abode in a house that has been arranged by another woman's hands. It may be that her courage will be tested by the portrait of the first Mrs. A. hanging

upon the wall. If she ventures into any of the darker corners of attic or store-room she may find the first wife's wedding veil, perhaps a picture of husband and wife taken on the day of their wedding, the baby pictures of their children, and most trying of all, mementoes and letters of their early love.

The middle-aged widower who woos and wins a younger woman is tremendously proud of himself. His success is a form of self-vindication that every man past his first youth craves. It is tantamount to his saying to the world of his acquaintances, "You see that even though I am not as young as I once was, I am still a very attractive man. This younger woman has fallen in love with me which proves that I still am something of a romantic figure".

Wives, that is some of them, have an aggravating way of trying to convince their husbands that if they should be made widowers, they might be accepted for their money, their good dispositions, or other practical and material reasons, though they never again will be married for love. While no man ever wholly accepts this theory, he often is tormented with doubt and uncertainty until, after a decent period of mourning, he can once more enter the lists and tilt a lance in the arena of love.

In the last analysis the man's temperament is the deciding factor. There are men like Mark Lennan in Galworthy's "The Dark Flower" who are capable of developing a high-class attack of the grand passion several times in their lives. It is this type of man, made widower, who after his deepest wounds of grief and loss are healed, will fall desperately in love and who will lead the object of his fervid, if not very youthful affection, up the aisle of the church.

WHO IS THE GREATEST WOMAN?



WHO is the greatest woman in the world? Somebody answers, Sarah Bernhardt, that gallant woman of France, for whom age does not exist, nor fear, nor sorrow.

Another will say Jane Addams, who has created a whole world of new ideas through Hull House. There might be a thousand votes cast in a "greatest woman" contest for the unsullied spirit of Maude Adams, who can lift you out of your workaday self into a wonderful inner world of romance; for Edith Wharton, that supremely great writing genius; for Amelita Galli-Curci, who has astonished the world with her nightingale voice. Yet who can say that any of these women are actually greater than thousands of other women of great deeds, great talents and great character who live and die unknown and unsung?

If there is one woman entitled to decoration for brave service on the battlefield of life it is the kind, good, intelligent and dutiful woman about whom no one outside a very small circle ever hears. She may not have great beauty or genius to her credit, yet she may have something just as good.

This ordinary woman—that is what I will call her, because she is found everywhere—does not write a book, sing in opera nor is she decorated for distinguished service.

Her life history is singularly uneventful, not to her, of course, but to the outside world. Once upon a time this ordinary woman had all the freshness and beauty of

youth. She dreamed her dreams like other women, and part of those dreams did come true. That is to say, a certain gallant young person (we will call him the prince) told her the most fascinating story in the world. He told her how she, just an ordinary maiden, was to be a princess; how she should be shielded from want and care, and how she would be rapturously loved all the days of her life.

The prospect was very enchanting. Without hesitation she put her hand in that of the prince, and they started out to see and learn life together. And life was very beautiful for awhile, until the prince forgot to kiss her as he came and went. The need of money depressed their spirits. He never took her out to dinner or a play—they could not afford that.

With none of those delightful, inspiring experiences which punctuate the days of the world's famous women the ordinary woman went right on uncomplainingly from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, sewing and mending and cooking and cleaning. She did love pretty things, for somehow all women with souls do love them. But the children were growing up and must be educated. She must work a little harder and deny herself a little more. "Anything for their sweet sakes", she always said with a smile, for they were young and they must have their chance.

Sometimes she would look at her work-worn hands and suppress a sigh when she recalled the rapturous love of the prince, now a sober and grizzled man. Though her step had lost its buoyancy, he was not so ready to guide her over the slightest roughness in the road. She would have loved that little lift more than ever. Not that she

really felt the need of it, for, despite her frail physique, she seemed with the passing years to have gathered a wonderful strength.

Oh, the world is so full of these ordinary women! Their lives are brightened with so few gaieties. They are strangers to those iridescent pleasures that color the lives of their sister-women who have beauty, wealth, fame and success. There is nothing so essentially feminine as the longing for admiration. Those who receive it flourish like a bay tree, and those who are deprived of their woman's birthright suffer a certain inevitable starvation. It is a slow starvation, but it is sure.

The ordinary, good, dutiful woman who deserves the most usually receives the fewest flowers. Her devoted service is taken for granted. It is nothing more than a matter of course. We know that the machinery will come to a stop if she is not there to keep it going. But who considers that until she is gone? Because she does keep it going, whether or not her effort is remarked; because she labors incessantly without hope of praise or much reward, she is the one real heroine.

All great women actresses, artists, writers, scientists and reformers notwithstanding, the ordinary, good, kind, dutiful woman is, when all's said and done, the greatest woman in the world.

FAITH AND ITS MIRACLES



HER head drooped wearily and her voice had a hollow sound as she said, "I have lost faith in everything and everybody." One whom she had trusted implicitly had defrauded her of her hard-earned and pitifully small gains.

At the moment she thought she had lost faith, but she had not. She simply could not have meant what she said. To live without faith is an impossibility. It would mean to go insane or to die.

Little do we realize it, but the majority of our acts are based on faith.

You get up in the morning with faith that your wife will have breakfast on the table in plenty of time for you to eat it and get down to your work.

You board the street car with faith that the motor-man and conductor will take you safely through the streets to your store, factory or office, or if you happen to own the good things that money can buy, you step into your motor car. You make the trip with faith that your chauffeur will drive you through the streets and land you safely at your destination.

You go into your place of business with faith in your associates to "carry on" with you, with faith in your employer, if you belong to the salaried or wage-earning class. You work six days without a cent of pay, for you have perfect faith in your employer's ability to pay you on the seventh and in his integrity. You have faith in your ability to accomplish the task that is set before you, and you ought to have faith enough to do that which you never have attempted before.

Nobody ever has defined faith so accurately as Paul, who in writing his epistle to the Hebrews, said: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"

The best part of life is made up of things that we hope for, of desiring things which we cannot see.

Would we ever have had a single oil well if it had not been for the steadfast faith of certain men?

No man ever saw the oil down in the earth until he drilled and brought it to the surface. No man ever knew it was there. When a man drills deep and strikes the pay sand, and the oil gushes forth and blackens the derrick, that, indeed, is "the substance of things hoped for"; it is "the evidence of things not seen".

Who must have more faith than the farmer? Would he plant a crop unless he had faith in the orderly course of the seasons, in the rains of spring, in the ripening suns of summer, in the harvest of fruit and grain as a reward for his labors? For months the farmer has no income, no visible reward for his strenuous labors, but he works on almost from sun to sun, with faith that he will reap as he sowed.

What woman would walk to the altar, by that one act putting her whole future life in the hands of the man she loves, if she did not have infinite faith in him? What man would assume the responsibility of caring for one woman for a life-time, if when he asked her to marry him, he had not perfect faith in her?

Every invention which has contributed to the world's progress and advancement is the materialization of faith. Unbounded faith built the first steamboat. It made the telephone and telegraph possible. It constructed the

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first automobile and it gave us the flying-machine. Of course, faith without effort or performance, comes to nothing. Men and women who fold their hands and sit down to wait, like old Wilkins Micawber, for something "to turn up" are doomed to disappointment. You cannot conjure things into being done or happening. Faith has no affinity for the lazy man.

Faith is force. Faith is power. Active faith makes possible the impossible. For those who both labor and believe, it works miracles every day.

APPRECIATION AS A GIFT



WHAT does your birthday mean to you? Is it a season for receiving or giving? Does it remind you to be thankful for the gift of life, so thankful that you want to make it a time for rejoicing, or do you feel like forgetting that there is such a day in the year's calendar?

Did you ever hear of a woman who makes her birthday a day for giving, rather than receiving?

There is such an one in the world. For many years she has observed a custom of spending the greater part of the day, although she is a busy mother, giving happiness to others by writing letters to oldtime friends and near relatives. She makes a point of recalling in these letters happy memories, of telling the recipients of the beautiful thoughts she has had of them. Here is a paragraph taken from one of these letters, written by her to a much-loved aunt:

“My mind is flooded with sweet memories of all the years. Distinctly tinging the waves of this gentle tide, adding warmth and color and all things lovely, are my thoughts of you. I remember you as a happy school girl with wonderful braids of hair. I remember you grown older, casting shy glances at the boys, and buying your first pair of kid gloves—do you remember that? I remember you in the grace and beauty of your young womanhood. I remember you in the old fashioned ivory and gold parlor; remember you at the piano and also at the organ—it seemed wonderful to me that you should have both. Most of all I remember you on in-

numerable occasions when you passed good things to eat at our children's gatherings. I remember when you came running down the steps to meet us when we came to you on your wedding day and how you looked then, rosy-cheeked, so full of life and so daintily clothed. Do you recall the apron you wore? It was sheer white organdie, prettily ruffled, the ruffles featherstitched with gay zephyr, as was the fashion just then. I remember you down through all the years, always constant and true, always my ideal of perfect womanhood. You have never guessed the hundredth part of what you have been to me, I am sure."

Imagine the happiness that must have come to the aunt who received this exquisite letter, penned by a niece who wrote to express her gratitude for the hours they had spent together. How she must have glowed as she read those pages of charming appreciation. Yet, how few of us ever experience the joy of receiving such a letter, or better still, of writing one. Yet, the very poorest among us have both friends and kinfolk who have exercised a gracious influence over our lives, and to whom we might very well express the gratitude that we ought to feel. How happy they might be made by a letter of delicate appreciation! Of course we all think these beautiful things about our friends and relatives. Too often, however, we keep such thoughts bottled up within us instead of pouring them out, a libation to friendship or affection. Some of us believe ourselves to be too busy to write our thoughts, and many of us are too reticent to express what we feel.

Nothing gives more pleasure to men and women who are growing old than to have the successes and triumphs

of the past recalled to them. A man who has passed the zenith of his powers and activities delights in being reminded of his past achievements, and a woman adores being told how lovely she looked in a certain costume or how charming she was on a particular occasion when she was the center of interest.

What a beautiful plan of happiness for the older people it would be if we would celebrate our birthdays, or some other holiday, for that matter, by telling our most beloved friends and relatives what they have meant to us. I know a son who on his birthday writes to his mother in just that way. He tells her how thankful he is to be living. So it is with all her children. Is it surprising that she keeps health and vigor and vivacity at almost four score years?

Love is the greatest of all beauty secrets and the most perfect panacea for ill-health. When you see men, women and children with a blighted look in their faces, nine times out of ten it is because they are leading loveless lives—that is, they neither give love nor receive it.

You sometimes wonder why it is that actors and actresses, great singers, men and women famous for their achievements keep their youth so long. It is because they continually are inspired by praise and appreciation. Does not this simple fact contain an every-day-in-the-year birthday hint for each one of us?

"DANGEROUS AGE" IN MEN



OME years ago a Danish woman, Karin Michaelis, wrote a volume of confessions that was as startlingly intimate and personal as the confessions of Saint Augustin, Benvenuto Cellini or Jean Jacques Rousseau. The vogue for this book, "The Dangerous Age" was phenomenal. It was translated into a score of languages and a hundred editions of it were sold. The world was amazed by the writer's revelations. She declared that the most dangerous epoch of a women's life was that which lies between 35 and 40. It was then, said Karin Michaelis, that woman is most sorely tempted. It is then that she is most likely to become the dupe of her emotions. The perils of youth, she told us, were as nothing compared with those of middle age.

A few months after the book was published, the phrase, "dangerous age" became a byword. Middle-aged feminine emotions were coldly laid on the dissecting table and they were quite as ruthlessly analyzed. Strangely enough, nobody in all these years has guessed that man, too, has his dangerous age. Sometimes it comes upon him as early as 40. Sometimes it arrives as late as 55. However it may time its arrival, its advent is after he has passed years of struggle and when he begins to realize commercial or professional success. With his sons going into business, his daughters married, or off to college and his wife absorbed in society, clubs, charity or suffrage, he begins to sit back and take his ease. Then, it is that the old spirit of adventure begins to assert itself, and he revolts against the routine that he has faithfully followed for many years. He sees that his

wife has sought and seemingly has found release and relief from the routine of household responsibility in a variety of outside interests. In his growing restlessness he wonders what pleasures and opportunities life may hold for him in these, his riper years. One day, he is surprised to discover that youthful beauty has a new poignant charm for him, and that he is strangely eager to revive the stirring emotions of his youth. Of course, he loves his home and his wife as much, perhaps better than he ever did. Yet, he suspects that he may not have had his share of pleasure, and he recalls with a good deal of satisfaction how as a young man, he patiently bowed his head under the yoke of struggle, privation and industry. Does not his youthful sacrifices to duty entitle him to a certain compensation in his later years?

The woman who reaches middle age only to discover a great and aching void in her life is a touching and familiar figure. The ninety-and-nine among these women find surcease from their restlessness in club life, society, philanthropy and more recently, in politics. It is only the one who forgets her obligation to her family, her position in society, her influence for good as a woman, and who ventures forth on the primrose path.

When a man arrives at the dangerous age it is harder for him who has not so many restraining influences thrown around him, not to break down the barriers and go forth and loot the world.

When men marry in their early twenties or thirties, so many tender things tie them to their homes, their love of their little and helpless children, the delight of seeing those children grow, their eagerness to provide for them handsomely, their devotion to their still youth-

fully charming wives. But, in middle age when those same children have gone away to school or have married, when their ideals have paled perceptibly, when their wives, beloved though they are, no longer hold for them a romantic interest, temptations that they once spurned angrily, begin to appear in an alluring light.

It is a peculiar peril that besets men at the zenith of their careers. With leisure and wealth and opportunity, one sees them renewing their interest in society and acquiring an unwonted fastidiousness in dress. They will not admit it as freely as women, but the approach of age is to them quite as fearsome a thing. There are hours when life is to them as a gray symphony, and they ask, "What can the future hold for me?"

But, the very next moment, the most disenchanted of men will assure himself that he never felt better, was never younger. It is in middle life, he reminds himself, that men write their greatest books, their sweetest songs and their finest poems. It is in middle life that men express themselves in great commercial enterprises, that they make their best laws, devise their most wonderful inventions and achieve their largest liberties. Then, why should they not long for youth's splendid visions? Why should not the fog-bank be made glorious for them by the moonlight, even as it was for Rômeo?

And so they pass into middle life, or the dangerous age, tortured by that now-or-never prospect. Most of them get through it safely. And the others? They grasp the cup of golden elixir that is to make all life glorious. For a time it sets their pulses throbbing. It seems to restore youth's unjaded freshness of sensation. Then, one day the cup cloy, and its bitter-sweet contents turn to ashes on their lips.

USES OF AMIABILITY



LOOKING through a table of contents in a book written to help men and women who aspire to successful living, I find no less than seventy subjects exhaustively treated, such as "The Man and the Opportunity", "Concentrated Energy", "What a Good Appearance Will Do", "A Fortune in Good Manners", "The Self Improvement Habit", and so on, ad infinitum. Not a word does the author say about a good disposition and what an important factor it is in the making of a happy and successful life.

It seems to me that we do not lay enough stress upon the importance of cultivating a good disposition, nor do we always appreciate what it means in our homes, in business, or in social life. I have heard men and women speak slightly of a good disposition, as if any fool could have one, as if the fine quality of amiability belonged to simpletons and weaklings. Nothing could be a greater fallacy. With all the irritations and troubles and disappointments that comes to us in the course of our careers, it requires character to keep a sunny, amiable disposition, and strength of purpose and self-control. Any fool can lose his temper at slight provocation. Any clay-footed mortal can pout and have a fit of sulks. Any congenitally weak creature can fret and scold and live in a perpetual state of ill-humor. But "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city".

One of the greatest of the underlying causes of child delinquency is a bad disposition in the home. Chil-

dren who are reared in homes where the atmosphere is charged with anger, where the parents continually are hurling ugly epithets at each other, where there is fighting and quarreling and back-biting and bickering, have not the shadow of a chance to grow up with good dispositions. With an example of quarrelsomeness always before them, with irritability always in the air, they naturally assume that such is the normal condition of family existence, and they grow up, following in the footsteps of their parents, perhaps to establish homes of their own. Through them the quarrelsome spirit often is perpetuated from generation to generation, until one, better and wiser than the others, strikes out in a saner and better way.

You wonder why so many young people who have comfortable homes are so eager to be "going", why they never are content to stay at home longer than it is necessary to eat and sleep. A good many of those restless young people are driven away by sullenness and quarreling. They cannot endure the angry looks that are exchanged by their parents, or the sharp words that pass between the woman they call "Mother" and the man they call "Father". Home becomes a horror to them. No wonder they foregather in the dance-hall. No wonder they go joy-riding and wander around until after midnight, when they can hope to go home and find the house still. It is perfectly natural that they should make their escape as soon and as often as possible, and that they should spend as much time as possible away from the place they call home, but which is no home, at all. Many of the wretched mistakes that are being made by the younger generation are directly traceable

to the hideous dispositions of parents who have driven their children into the street, and many a criminal in our penitentiaries is the inevitable product of homes that were fairly torn asunder by quarreling during the formative years of their lives.


One of the infallible indications of refinement is a good disposition and one of the plainest marks of "commonness" is the habit of quarreling and sharp speaking, of nagging and complaining and fault-finding. To cultivated minds, a bad disposition is an unfailing symptom of vulgarity. Did you ever notice how "common" people speak to those they consider their inferiors? Did you ever listen while the vulgar newly-rich give their orders in Pullman cars, cafes or hotel dining rooms? Did you ever observe how the "common" mother speaks to her children, how the "common" man addresses his wife? Did you ever notice on the contrary how men and women of cultivated natures and good dispositions speak with the utmost politeness to their children, to their servants and to such other persons whose social status may not be quite as high as their own?

The charm of a home where the heads of the family have amiable dispositions is unfailing, and children reared in such an atmosphere go out into the world, their battle half won. Men and women who rule their own spirits are ready to meet all classes of people and all conditions in life. They are prepared for emergencies, and unlike those of unruly tempers, who go to pieces at the slightest provocation, they overcome a thousand obstacles and they disarm their adversaries before the latter know what has been done.

We think a great deal about cultivating our minds, and we spend years in the development of a certain talent we may have. But, how many of us think enough about cultivating our dispositions? How many women give serious and systematic thought to the training of their natures? A good many—yes, but not enough. How many men make a point of always speaking kindly and amiably and politely to their wives, of keeping before their children the model of a good disposition? We wish there were more than there are.

A fine disposition protects one from a great deal of unpleasantness. It raises a sort of friendly barrier between you and some other person's irritability. It wards off many a sharp word and stinging sally. Irritable people often are ashamed to "show themselves" before finer natures, and the soft answer turns away wrath.

THE EMOTIONAL TEMPERAMENT

"HAT the emotional temperament is a dangerous temperament, that it is responsible for most of the disasters from which the human race has suffered'', that emotional persons are by nature untruthful, that they are cowards and cannot bear pain, that being creatures of impulse, they are generally blunderers, is the startling assertion made by an English physician, writing in the London Hospital. These emotional persons are more numerous than they used to be, says the doctor, a fact that does not augur well, he believes, for the future of the human race.

How this writer must feel the burden of his mortality! How slowly must his heart beat! How cold, how sluggishly must his blood run! How bleak must be his laughter, if, indeed, he can laugh at all! How cramped must be his existence, how narrow his vision! Surely no man who happens to read this indictment of the emotional temperament will be depressed by it, for the physician who must be a humdrum creature, is psychologically incorrect.

What are the phenomena of the mind? Are they not cognition, emotion and volition, or thought, feeling and will? Do not the emotions comprise feelings of restraint as well as freedom? Do they not include wonder, terror, love, hate, self-complacency, the sense of power, love of knowledge, the artistic feelings, the moral sense and a score of others too numerous for mention here? What incomplete and uninteresting creatures would we be if our only mental functions were cognition and volition. We would be dry as dust.

Nothing worth while was ever accomplished in this world without the stimulus of emotion. Emotional feeling of a high order has been the basis of all philanthropic enterprise just as that of a base order inspired the Spanish inquisition. All artists, writers, musicians, inventors and orators are emotional. Poetry is a beautiful and rhythmical way of expressing emotion.

All great men and women are highly emotional, however self-controlled they may be. In fact, it is only the fool or the mentally defective who permits his emotions to run away with him.

The English like to assume that they are an unemotional people. They are, it is true, a reticent people, and restrained. If, indeed, they were unemotional, they could not have produced century after century much of the world's greatest literature.

To assert that emotional people are by nature untruthful is to be guilty of an absurdity. It takes an emotional person, not only to see and understand things, but to express them truly. As for saying that the emotional man is a coward—what about those magnificent young warriors of ours, those young enthusiasts who scorned trenches and trench fighting, who going into the open, swept everything before them, a singing, laughing, whistling horde, and carried away by valorous emotion, plunged on until they brought the Huns to their knees?

The world would be standing today just where it stood after the creation, if it had not been for the power of emotion. What is achievement unless it be emotion translated into fact? "Trust your emotions", says Emerson. "Leave your theory as Joseph did his coat

in the hands of the harlot, and flee''. And he goes on to warn us that a foolish consistency is the "hobgoblin of little minds", and he tells us that with consistency a great soul can have nothing to do.

It is easy to believe that the English commentator on human emotions has stifled all of his. If one could know him intimately, I suspect one would find him to be one of those lugubrious persons who thinks life a poor thing, at best. One would likely discover, too, that he was almost insensible to pleasure, that his standard of morals was utilitarian, that he considered feeling a proper thing for blame, never for praise.

Emotion keeps the world on the move. It is the life of the soul. Allowed to run riot, and without the guidance of the will, it can ruin either an individual or a nation. Russia is an example of emotional chaos, just as was the French revolution. But properly controlled and directed, emotion builds temples. It invents the wireless and the airplane. It writes all the greatest books and poems. It composes the divinest music, and it wins the mightiest battles. Emotion can do one of two things to a man—make him a fool or a god.

CULT OF SIMPLICITY



QUEEN MARY, we read lately, issued an edict, abolishing the heavy, ponderous court costume which has held the socially elect in sartorial bondage for many generations past. No more will damsels and dowagers, presented to Her Majesty, be compelled to drag after them yards upon yards of heavy trains and walk backward into their treacherous folds. No longer will their coiffures be burdened with plumes. What a shock this setting aside of a time-honored precedent may be to the shade of Queen Victoria who, during her reign would not relax a ceremonial even to the crossing of a T or the dotting of an I, we can only imagine, for when the late monarch once made a law it was to be for yesterday, today and forever, and nobody ever dreamed of a change.

Throughout the civilized world Queen Mary will be applauded for her decision in favor of greater simplicity. In fact, simplicity is the keynote struck by aristocracy everywhere. Ostentation is taken to be a sign of vulgarity, the display of the newly rich.

The orgy of gorgeous dressing, semi-nudity and extravagant display of the past few years has caused a reaction in favor of all things that are beautiful in their simplicity.

In my childhood it was a distinction to wear diamonds. It is no distinction today. Diamonds are now being worn so commonly and by so many ignorant and vulgar persons that they have lost much of their charm. Instead of being reserved for wear upon ceremonial or,

at least, semi-ceremonial occasions, you see them displayed indiscriminately in the morning and on the plainest of gowns. It is no uncommon sight to see a diamond and platinum bar-pin five inches long, set with thousands of dollars worth of precious stones adorning the plainest of serge frocks.

In this day, it seems that the only way to be conspicuous is to be inconspicuous, and the truest way to be elegant is to be simple almost to excess. Therefore, you see men and women of good breeding and position avoiding the very things that people who have neither, must have at any cost.

The words and the acts of certain men and women who have lately acquired money are adding much to the gaiety of nations, while at the same time they are causing a powerful revulsion of feeling against all forms of ostentation and display.

When the census taker approached a certain woman and going through the usual formalities, asked, "what is your occupation?" the woman, drawing herself up with a great show of indignation, replied, "Why, we belong to the idle rich!" Idleness and riches affording her as they did an entirely new set of experiences, she was very eager to have it known that she did not belong to the class that toils and spins that it may eat.

"The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity," Walt Whitman tells us in his preface to "Leaves of Grass." It is a commonplace with us that the greatest persons always are the simplest, that true worth feels under no necessity to call attention to itself. It is the shallow person who always is trying to impress you with his superiority.

“You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me”—is the very essence of simplicity. All heroic figures walk at their ease and without strut or flourish. Their only pride is the measureless pride of the soul.

You enter a house and you wonder why it is so wonderfully pleasing to you. That is because of its simplicity. You look at a woman and you exclaim, “what an exquisite toilette!” The secret of it? Simplicity, again.

We are beginning to see all over the world a new trend toward simplicity. This was predicted generally as a reaction from the war. Now we know that the war was only a secondary cause of this growing love for things that are real and simple, the primary cause being the revolt of the best people against the absurdities of the nouveau riches, who dressed up in marvelous grandeur, have no place to go.

MARRIAGE: WHY MEN FAIL



OME time ago, a judge in the superior court of Chicago handed in his resignation, saying that he was "sick and tired of hearing divorce cases" and adding the dismal note that "marriage does not mean anything anymore".

This remark must have been made in a mood of profound pessimism, for marriage means just as much as it ever did. It means love and home and children and companionship, however frequently parties to the marriage contract may fail ignominiously. And for the very reason that marriage, as an institution, means the deepest and most beautiful things in this life, everybody is intensely interested in marriage, why in the present it so often is a failure, and how it may be made a success. For the very reason that the world loves love and the lover, the world finds in marriage, an inexhaustible source of discussion and speculation. This discussion, I believe to be one of the healthiest and most encouraging signs of the times. For, as we discover the obscurer causes for marriage failing of its best purposes, we should see our way to making it a much happier and more satisfactory human institution than it ever has been in the past.

First of the subtler causes of failure in marriage on the part of man is selfishness. Because he is man, the superior sex, everybody must bow to his desires, whether they be good or bad. Such a man usually has had a foolish mother, a woman who has believed that nothing in the world was good enough for her little tin god of a

son. Naturally enough, he grows up with the idea of exploiting women, first lights of love, then a wife. This type of man always can be detected by a glance at his wife who invariably is a cowed creature, lack-luster, dispirited and old long before her time. In former days women of broken hearts and broken bodies went down to their graves for their selfish spouses. Now, they get a divorce.

Second in importance is the money question. It is a very phlegmatic and obtuse woman who is not sensitive over the division of money. Too many families have no definite money policy. There is no regular allowance for household expenses, no sum set aside for the wife's private purse. Instead of the husband and wife going over their accounts the first of each month in an amicable and business-like manner, and planning what extra expenses may be undertaken in the month to come, there often is blaming and scolding on the part of the husband and tears and recriminations from the wife. As an aftermath, the wife broods over her hated economic dependence and the tyranny of male man. If the husband would take his wife into his confidence, provide for her certain spending privileges, then make her feel that his money was her money, to be properly used and sanely conserved, there would be far fewer discontented, restive women, and fewer cases in the divorce courts.

All women are hungry for love. Too often the raptures of the honeymoon speedily deteriorate into the stereotyped kiss of farewell and greeting, and after a few months, a few years, the wife stretches out the arms of her affection, only to draw them back empty again. Her husband is too busy, too much occupied to make love

to her. Then sometimes, I suspect, it may be the very creature comforts of marriage that kill romance in the husband's heart.

One of the commonest mistakes of husbands is their forgetfulness of good manners. It is marital laziness rather than ignorance or innate selfishness which makes a man neglectful of little courtesies when he is once comfortably settled in married life. It is incomprehensible to a sensitive woman that a man who never forgets to be courteous to her in the street may be by no means considerate in private life. She cannot understand why marriage should change a man's outward attitude of chivalry. He always may be patient and gracious when she asks a favor of him. But what a woman longs to have done for her is the thing for which she has not specially asked. It would be very sweet to her if occasionally he would offer to carry the baby up to bed, if he would open the door for her, or place a comfortable chair for her, or adjust the curtain to shade her eyes.

We are always reading in advice-to-wives columns that a wife always must be neat and attractive in her husband's presence, that her dress must be immaculate and that she must be as fragrant as a rose. Why is it that so little is said about a husband's physical attractiveness? Is it of no importance to his wife? Many heartbreaking letters have come to me from wives who abhorred their husband's slovenliness, who were hurt and humiliated beyond expression by their husband's aversion for regular and frequent ablutions and the latter's willingness to wear dirty, spotted, unpressed clothes. It is just as distasteful to a fastidious woman to view an unshaven, unkempt husband in a dingy bathrobe and run-down-at-

the heel slippers as it is to a husband to look at his wife with a neglected skin, hair done up in curlers and wearing a faded kimono that properly belongs in a rag-bag. Women can institute comparisons quite as well as men can, and what is more, they do.

Thousands of American husbands of the better class who are good to their wives in the sense that they are kind to them and provide well for them, are indifferent to their women-folk. They are proud of their wives, but they are uninterested in them, in a strictly personal sense. They are playing a tremendous game, and the stakes are enormous, for in this country a man must either win or he must fail. You hear it said that men make their business their life because women demand it. Indirectly, the women may be responsible, but actually it is the pace of the country itself. Our men are generous, and they like to see their women "have everything in the world". The result is that they often are more absorbed in the process by which they are enabled to give their women everything than they are in the women themselves.

With W. L. George I believe that a great many men might be model husbands if they were not married. There are times when the terrible respectability of marriage falls upon the male creature, and he feels that he somehow must break through, if only to assure himself that he is not in bondage for life. The recrudescence of the romantic spirit in middle life or shortly thereafter is another common cause of failure, even after many years of conjugal tranquility.

MARRIAGE: WHY WOMEN FAIL



MARRIAGE is still the great beginning, even now as it was with Adam and Eve. After thousands of years of human experience, it is subject to much the same conditions, and it is confronted with almost the same perils it encountered 6,000 years ago. Adam and Eve, you remember, passed their honeymoon in the Garden of Eden, and all their life thereafter, among the thorns of the wilderness. The chief difference between marriage as we know it today and marriage as it was experienced by our first father and mother is the difference between georgette crepe and fig leaves, between a mansion filled with period furniture and taking up one's abode under the shelter of a rock, between eating of the tree of knowledge and dining off roast capon and Romaine lettuce with salad oil. In other words, time has changed only the outward and artificial conditions, human nature having remained much the same. It is still a struggle, calling for the exhibition of the very best in human nature. It means larger freedom and greater responsibilities, and where the man and the woman so live that the next generation shall be a little better, the advancing years mean but a climax, and age a rich harvest of memories.

Sometimes I wish that the wedding ring might have inscribed in it the motto of the Prince of Wales, "Ich dien" (I serve) so that when women enter into marriage they might be readier to accept it, not as a state of servitude, but an opportunity for service of the finest and noblest kind. When a man marries, it is with the hope

and expectation of having a home made for him commensurate with his means. Thousands of men in all classes, the clerk class as well as the capitalist class are exasperated when they discover that their wives cannot or will not face the duties of wifehood and motherhood, because they expect to be kept in semi-idleness, to be petted and pampered and waited upon either by servants or their men-folk. They are disgusted when they find their women cannot or will not put a palatable meal on the table, that they cannot or will not sweep and dust a room competently, make a garment, darn or mend. Such a disclosure is frightfully discouraging to a man unless he has almost unlimited sums of money, and not many men are so well off. No woman should become a party to a marriage contract unless she will face the situation honestly and say to herself, "I have undertaken to serve this man and to make him a home. It is up to me to create order and comfort, harmony, happiness and security, and if I cannot do that, I will not have earned a faithful husband and all the good things of this life."

Happiness is not a purchasable commodity. The American idea that "money makes the mare go" is responsible for many of our social and political ills. The idea started some decades ago at the top, and it has filtered down through every stratum of society. A great deal of our present unrest may be traced to it. It has inclined women all the more to be nervous, to take nothing as immutable in their lives, to keep them in a state of suspense in which they continually look forward to the time when they will be rich, when they can climb to a higher circle in society. Many a wife, tormented by her unfulfilled desire for the luxuries of her neighbors, nags

her husband because he does not make as much money and until he wishes there never was such a thing as marriage and that all wives could be consigned to the shades below.

The martyred air some women assume is enough to drive a man to drink even when the market price is \$35 a quart. Not a few so-called "good women" put on this air of martyrdom when everything does not go to suit them. They do it in the knowledge that there is nothing against which a man feels so absolutely defenseless. I have known men, really better human beings than their wives, who were made to endure this intolerable pose on the part of selfish women. The stronger of them take it humorously when they are not too much exasperated by it, and the weaker ones run away—just anywhere to find relief from the stuffy atmosphere of injured virtue which chokes them every time they enter their homes. Many a man, under such circumstances has devoutly wished that his wife were an out-and-out sinner so that for once he might tell her in plain language just what he thought of her. But, alas for the man, this type of woman never abandons her strategic position of martyr—and the poor man never gets his chance.

All day long, men are meeting people, in the streets, in the cars, in their offices and stores. When night falls, they have had just about enough of human society, barring occasional evenings for diversion, and they long for a little peace and cheerful quiet within their own four walls. Women who have been at home all day find it difficult to understand this. If they have not used all their surplus energy in cooking, cleaning, sewing and nursing children, they look forward to the evening as a

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time for "excitement." They want to play cards or dance or go to the theater unmindful of the fact that their spouses may be deadly tired. This difference of aims is a fruitful source of discord. It irritates a man who has put his whole mind and strength into his business to be "dragged out" when he does not feel like it, and he readily jumps to the conclusion that his efforts to make a success are not being appreciated and that he is getting no encouragement at home.

One of the commonest shortcomings of women is to be deficient in a practical knowledge of human nature. Men are perfectly simple and sincere in being satisfied with passionate love—it is their wives who tire of it quickly and who try to gloss over their marital relations with a lot of sentiment and sophistry, and who insist that their husbands become interested in "higher things", that is, music, poetry, literature and art. This type of woman easily comes to believe that her husband does not understand her, and she is often foolish enough to drop insinuating remarks to the effect that his tastes are not very lofty and that his nature is too common to be in tune with the "ideal".

Marriage is essentially woman's business, just as creating material wealth is man's. It was instituted, not to please man, but for her own protection and the welfare of her children. That being so, it is a pity that more women do not make shining successes of marriage when they have tolerably good material to work with, and that so many wend their uncertain steps into a domestic relations court.

"THANK YOU" PAYS DIVIDENDS



HAVE just read a story about two brothers who have built up a tremendous business on "thank you". Operating a chain of eight stores, their sales have grown in a few years from \$1 a day to over \$300,000 a year. The keynote of all their business is—courtesy. It is a rule of their stores that if one of their salesmen should forget to say "thank you" to a purchaser, the latter may keep the goods and have his money back. Nor will these two brothers tolerate a perfunctory expression of appreciation. Proprietors as well as salesmen make a point of saying "thank you" in a manner and voice that carry conviction to their patrons. Their "thank yous" warm the hearts and cheer the spirits of all their customers who do not need to be urged to "call again".

Nor is business the only phase of life that profits by a hearty "thank you". In many instances home-life could be made much pleasanter and happier by a more generous interchange of thanks. When a young man is courting his sweetheart, she never dreams of taking all his delightful courtesies and the little events he provides for her pleasure as a matter of course unless she is an ill-bred young woman.

"Thank you", she says with her most winning smile as he assists her to put on or take off her wraps. After a dinner or an evening at the theater, she would not think of bidding him goodbye without her thanks. The gift of a bouquet or a box of candy inspires her gratitude. Yet, how often this delightful exchange of cour-

tesy is forgotten just as soon as the ink is dry on the marriage certificate! How often all those little acts of courtesy that made their period of courting and betrothal so delightfully fascinating are lost in the daily humdrum of domestic life! Without meaning to do so, friend husband forgets to say "thank you" when his wife renders him some affectionate little service, and friend wife omits that word of appreciation when her husband, still mindful of her pleasure, brings home to her at evening a little remembrance, it may be only a flower or one of those magazines women like.

Some years ago I visited a family composed of a brother and a sister. If the latter asked that her brother raise or lower the window, that he hand her a shawl or her work basket, that he carry her letters to the mail, his invariable answer was "with pleasure". And that one little phrase "with pleasure" was said in a tone indicating that it gave him the liveliest personal satisfaction to serve her in any way that he could. That brother's gracious courtesy to his sister burned itself into my memory and the way that he uttered that one phrase and others of a similar nature produced on me an impression that I never will forget.

We need more "thank yous" and more smiles in domestic, social and business life. A hearty "thank you" costs nothing and sometimes it pays big dividends. Certainly, it smoothes the way of all business. When you make a purchase from a salesman or saleswoman who hands you your change and your package with a cheerful "thank you", you say to yourself, "I will certainly go there again". There are some salespeople so kind, so solicitious, so helpful in their manner of giving you atten-

tion as to make shopping a delightful experience. There are others who produce the opposite effect. The latter are heavy handicaps to the firms that employ them. Where they cannot learn to give the public a polite consideration they ought to make room for those who can.

A magazine editor who in his very young manhood sold books for a living, said this to me one day: “When a book agent calls upon you in your office, I beg you to thank him for calling before he leaves. You may not want to buy his books, or you may not even have the time to look at them—but in the name of humanity, don’t let him go without a kind word. Book agents are the most persistently snubbed creatures in business. And for the very reason that they are accustomed to receiving scant courtesy, a kindly ‘thank you’ is something no book agent will ever forget”.

There is no excuse or occasion for impoliteness or discourtesy. They have no place in civilized life.

Business men and business women—husbands and wives—parents and children—brothers and sisters—teachers and pupils—lovers and friends—plenty of smiling, cordial “thank yous”, generously and judiciously distributed, pay big dividends in happiness and success.

RECREATION FOR HOUSEWIVES



HE sense of duty that "leans backward" is at once, a pathetic and tragic thing. It is pathetic because it is so sadly mistaken, and it becomes tragic for the reason that so many unnecessary evils are likely to follow in its train. It seems to have an affinity for extremists, and not the least common of its victims is the housewife, who, lacking a proper sense of proportion regarding her duty to herself and her family, digs an early grave for herself by giving up all amusement and recreation and working herself, literally, to death. Here is a letter that came to me from a wife and mother who is keenly disturbed over the problem of her recreation, and who says:

"I am a woman in my twenties with four babies. I do all of my own work except the washing. I make the children's garments and also my husband's shirts. I am not complaining—don't misunderstand me, for I thoroughly enjoy my children and my work, and I believe that the busiest people are the happiest. The one thing that worries me is the problem of recreation. About once in two weeks, I have my mother stay with the children while I go to a moving picture theater. I love good pictures and it is a great relief to sit down and relax. Yet, all the time I am in the theater I feel as if I were committing a crime against my family, and I ought not to take time from my home when there are so many things to be done there. On the other hand, I always return from my little outings feeling greatly refreshed and better able to go on with my work. What do you

think about it? Am I wasting time that I should be giving to my home and my husband?"

The only crime that this very good and conscientious wife and mother is likely to commit is in not giving herself enough recreation for the welfare of her own family and for her own good. Two things happen to the woman who spends every waking hour on her household duties—she overdraws her account, physically speaking, and she deteriorates mentally.

For every law nature makes, she exacts a penalty for its violation. Every time we break a law, nature takes note of that fact, and sooner or later she renders an accounting for all the nights of sleep we have lost, the meals we were too busy to eat, the days when we exhausted, not only our normal fund of strength and energy, but that which we hold in reserve. The bill is presented, and we must pay, sometimes in the coin of exhaustion, sometimes in illness, and it may be with our lives.

Every mother of a family has the future as well as the present to think of. She owes it to her husband and her children to take enough rest and recreation to keep herself mentally and physically fit. What will it profit her husband and her children who need her mothering care until maturity if she exhausts herself by the time she reaches middle life, with the result that she either sinks into invalidism or is called to the other world? No human being can live without a reasonable amount of relaxation, and one of the commonest mistakes made by the people of this country, men and women alike, is to overwork and run up a bill to nature that they never will be able to pay.

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The woman who never takes any pleasure loses her youthfulness and beauty. She forfeits her charm and becomes stale.

“I have not the strength to do all the housework that I ought to do and all the sewing for my family, so I have had to decide what is absolutely essential and what is partially non-essential and make out my program according to that”, said a bright and sensible wife and mother. “My husband and my children prefer that I should feel well and happy to having every nook and corner immaculate. As the lesser of two evils, I do not keep my house as clean as when I could afford to hire some help”. Devoted as she is to the interests of her family, this woman strikes a happy balance by claiming certain hours for rest and recreation, to go to an occasional party or attend the theater.

Moderation is a great virtue. The nerves of a great many women in this country are on a hair trigger because they never give themselves any rest or repose. I have known women, who, while performing all the work of their households, with the result that they always were in a state of semi-exhaustion would embroider their children's garments, and I once knew an over-worked woman who embroidered her monogram on aprons she made for kitchen wear.

The wiser wife and mother so arranges her program that she reserves to herself a few hours for recreation and pleasure, not once in a fortnight, but several times a week. She is the better wife and mother for it. She lives longer. She is healthier and happier, and her children love her all the more.

PITY, DON'T CONDEMN SNOBS



FROM time to time I receive requests to write on the subject of snobs. Always, I am tempted to accept the challenge; first, because new kinds and varieties of snobs always are developing, and second, I find from year to year, my ideas concerning snobs undergoing some change.

Snobs and their snobbishness formerly provoked me to anger. They no longer do. I have come to realize that snobbishness is the result of personal limitations, of ignorance, a narrow soul and a small mind. Instead of condemning snobs for their snobbishness, we should pity them. They merely are suffering from "growing-pains" and they likely will feel better in some future day.

You may have thought that snobs are a self-satisfied and self-confident lot. On the contrary, they are the most uneasy and discomposed of persons. Continually they are fearful of saying or doing something that may not place them in the best possible light. They constantly are tortured with fears, doubts and misgivings. Judging by some of their actions, you would think that their reputations, their social positions actually hung by a thread.

This fear which pursues them like a Nemesis will explain snobs and many of the things they do. It explains the woman who makes a pretense of not having seen her neighbor who has not yet scaled so many rungs of the social ladder. It explains the woman who trembles at the thought of having her name appear in a guest-list unless that list be composed of the names of her own set.

It explains the mother of the bride who protests against having the name of the groom's parents in the wedding story because they are not as prominent socially as some of the bride's friends. It explains the employer who cannot bring himself to acknowledge courteously the presence of one of his employes, outside of office hours. It explains the man who is just a little bit ashamed to take a girl out to dinner, no matter how pretty and gentle and refined she may be, just because she happens "to work".

I do not know whether to call it a comedy or a tragedy—an incident I witnessed recently.

At a certain social gathering, three women, richly dressed and much bejeweled, were standing in a group. Their money was a decidedly recent acquisition. The only thing they knew to do with it was to buy furs, diamonds in great profusion, houses with too much furniture in them and expensive motor cars. Suddenly, their conversation, keyed to a note rather unpleasantly personal, was interrupted by the friendly salutation of a fourth woman whose face, manner, voice, dress and bearing betokened gentility. Her gown and hat, it must be admitted, were not in the very latest fashion and her hands were bare of rings. What did those three women do but deliberately turn their too ample backs upon her—three mongrels trying to snub a thorough-bred.

Easy money, I suppose, always will be the soil in which snobbery flourishes. Easy money, without education or native refinement is the mother of vulgarity, pretense and ostentation. It has a way of clothing its makers in garments of habit, thought and manner that are ill-fitting to say the very least.

I do not believe that the newly rich American man often is willingly a snob. Usually, it is the woman in his family who drags him at the chariot wheels of her snobbery and who brings up his sons and daughters in the faith. The average man who makes a success feels just as good as anybody. He is an elemental creature in this—that he sees no reason why he should conciliate men and women of loftier social position. They may have more graceful manners, or they may speak better English, but they haven't any bigger house than he has, or a bigger pile of rocks. Usually, he is too robust of nature, too wholesome to sacrifice his self-respect to gain a doubtful end.

When you pause to consider that the general run of intelligent people have just about the same cares and responsibilities, joys, sorrows and satisfactions, it seems so pitiful that they should permit themselves to be divided by superficial things. In the hour of death or in the face of hunger all superficialities drop from us like a garment, and we get down to first principles, made one in our common humanity.


The true man seeks fame in this world, the snob notoriety. The true man hopes to win a place in the hearts of the people, while the snob is fully satisfied to be in the public eye. The true man hopes to win the respect and sincere admiration of his fellows. The snob's ambition is to be envied by those who have less than he. The true man waits to be sought out. The snob, who imagines that everybody is secretly worshiping his money, rushes in where an angel would fear to tread. While he hugs to his soul the bright delusion that he is exciting great interest and curiosity, he inspires nothing

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more enviable than the silent contempt of the wiser and better-bred.

Thorough-bred men and women never are afraid to be kind and courteous. They feel none of that uneasiness in coming in contact with humbler persons which so torments the snob. They never are afraid of imperiling their social position by any act of human kindness, though it be done to the lowliest creature. They can stand apart from the worry and fret and glare of the social scramble, unconcerned and secure.

CHARACTER IS POWER

“E WOULD rather have a small account with a good name behind it than a large account in the name of a man who did not stand for the best things”, declared a highly successful banker. “The bank account that is backed by character is the account we are looking for”.

More and more the business world is coming to value character. More and more it asks less about a man's technical skill than concerning his character and habits of life. There was a day when a brilliant drunkard had a pretty fair chance in business. That day is past and gone. One of the first things an employer wants to know about a prospective employe is the character of the man and his habits. The first consideration with a banker when he loans money is the character of the person who seeks the loan, for he knows that the man of character will pay his debts and meet his obligations at whatever sacrifice to himself. Life insurance companies are keenly interested in the character of men and women who hold their policies, and they are extremely suspicious of grafters and libertines. Men and women of known character and established reputations are always in demand in the business world.

Every city has its group of “prominent citizens”. Most of them are men and women of character. Some of them are not.

There is an “upper ten” or a “four hundred” in society. In every group, whether it be in business, in society, in the church, lodge, store or workshop, you will

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find men and women of character. They are marked men and women and they stand out from the mass. They may not have very much money, but they have something that is more precious than gold.

What is superior character?

It is not to be gauged by the money you have, by the clothes you wear, and sad to relate, it may not always be determined by the position you hold in society.

Neither is it to be found in genius, if you are one of those rare persons who has genius, or in talent or any special ability.

There is many a millionaire who is a cheap scoundrel. There is many an artist who is a cad. There are great actresses and singers who are wholly without character. Sooner or later they are all found out, and if nothing worse happens to them, they fail in realizing by one-half on their potentialities.

In a great financial panic in the middle of the last century all the bank presidents of New York City held a meeting one night. When they exchanged experiences on the amount of specie that had been drawn from their various banks during the day—some of them had lost as high as 75 per cent of their deposits—Moses Taylor of the City bank reported: "We had \$400,000 in our bank this morning. Tonight, we have \$470,000". So great was the confidence of people in the character of Moses Taylor that they had in many cases deposited in the City bank money they had drawn from other banks.

How many young people realize that substantial success depends more upon character than what they know and what they have?

It was character that elected both Washington and

Lincoln to the presidency, and I sincerely believe that it is character, more than any other qualification that the people of this country want in their chief executive. They want honesty and sterling ability. They want no tricksters or cheap politicians. They want one of whom it may be said, that, "The elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man!'"

There must be something in a man better than his achievements; something finer than his material wealth; something nobler than his genius; something more enduring than fame.

Money and fame and culture and position are sources of undoubted strength—today. But character is the one dependable source of power yesterday, today and forever. It is both a cause and a result.

WOMAN—PRACTICAL POET



INSPIRATION, true culture and refinement—these are the three great needs of the home. A great many people look upon personal culture as a strange, remote and unattainable thing. The girl living in a small town, far removed from the centers of fashion, the theaters, the opera and all the luxuries that modern industry can offer, imagines that life's best inspirations and personal culture are out of her reach. The country woman, still more remote from advanced schools, colleges and luxurious living and the hard-working women in the city who never lift their eyes above their daily round of monotonous household duty assume likewise that culture is something quite apart from them.

True culture and refinement are within the reach of every human being, whatever his condition or station in life. The poorest farm woman, the humblest working girl, the man who performs the roughest kind of labor can be thoroughly cultivated if they so desire. There is nothing mysterious or illusive in refinement of thought, manner or speech that renders it accessible only to the elect. Education and refinement of feeling are possible to all men and women. In some of the simplest homes, there resides the truest culture, the keenest sense of the artistic, the utmost refinement of manner and speech. On the contrary, one can meet crudeness and coarseness in the finest mansions, a vulgarity of thought and a lack of inspiration that will send a chill to the marrow of one's bones.

For the uses of culture, it matters very little whether

you have a rag carpet or an Axminster rug on the floor, so long as the colors are harmoniously blended and it serves the purpose to which it is put. It matters very little whether the curtains at the window are of muslin or the finest lace so long as they are clean, well made and well hung. Many people have the idea that cheap things cannot be beautiful, that artistic effects can be achieved only by the expenditure of a great deal of money. They believe that they cannot be well educated unless they graduate from a college, travel extensively and have a library containing a thousand books. They forget that some of our greatest men have had nothing more than a common school education, that artists often spring from peasant stock. They overlook the fact that self-made men of fine attainment were inspired to reach out for the best things in the world, that some of them bought books when they did not have enough money to supply them with food and clothing. When he could not afford to buy candles, Abraham Lincoln pored over his few precious volumes during winter evenings by the light of the fire. Josiah Wedgwood borrowed a copy of Thomson's "Seasons", learned it by heart, and out of the inspiration he received from that one volume, he passed from the modeling of butter crocks to the exquisite potteries that bear his name.

It is true that multitudes of people have forsaken or avoided the means of culture because caste is founded to a great extent upon material prosperity. They become disheartened when society exalts outward over inward things, the material over the spiritual. Such conditions have unfortunately alienated man from his brother. They have sundered the ties of common hu-

manity. They have bred jealousy, scorn and mutual ill-will. The poor man has thought that he was in some way radically different from the rich man, and for that reason it was futile for him to aspire. The poor woman, likewise, has been dismayed by the luxuries and opportunities of her wealthier sisters, and where she might have seen diamonds had she been looking for them, she has seen only the dust.

There is no valid reason, however, why any class or condition of people should neglect the means of grace, why they should tolerate in themselves or their children rude speech, careless manners, personal slovenliness, or why such characteristics should persist from one generation to the other. Also, there is no reason why courtesy, cleanliness, delicacy, ease of manner and refinement should not be habitual with the laboring multitude. Is not a man more than dress or upholstery? Cannot the spirit triumph over humble situations and defy the show of the universe?

The burden of refining influence rests, of course, with women. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if all the women in the world were destroyed, all the men would be barbarians within a year. It is the woman who has always aspired to and demanded the means of refinement. It is she who lays the spotless white cloth and arranges the bright silver. It is the woman who picks the flower and puts it tenderly in a vase. It is the woman who brings a bit of art or music in the home. The art of dress would be unknown were it not for women. For every true woman is a practical poet. By her gentleness, by her domestic arts and refinements, she tames the savage in her mate.

One day I heard a man recalling the dulcet tones of his mother's voice. As she passed her children in going about her housework, she would give each one a swift caress. Though she was compelled to do all the work for a large family, washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, mending, she at the same time schooled her children in a classic appreciation of life. She so taught them the means of grace that they have become as natural to them as breathing. They remember her as the one most charming and magnetic woman in the world.

If we would all quit aping the rich man and trying to outstrip our neighbors; if we would consecrate our leisure and such sums as we could reasonably save from our earnings to the means of culture such as the best books, the best music, to congenial society, to the enjoyment of the beautiful in art and nature and to the kindly and sympathetic offices of humanity, we would no longer stand accused of being a nation of superficial culture. We would soon earn the right to be called the most broadly cultivated people on earth.

MODERN CHESTERFIELDS



LIHU ROOT has said that every lawyer should read Blackstone's Commentaries once a year. Mr. Root not only took his own counsel—he actually wrote out the commentaries in long-hand three times in his life.

Whether we be lawyers, doctors, business men or laborers, there is one book which all of us would do well to read once a year. Better still would it be to write it and memorize it during the formative period of our lives. That book is "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son", the most valuable treatise on manners and deportment that ever was penned. More than that, it is an eloquent argument for striving, and urging toward ambition. Lord Chesterfield had no patience with men who did not realize on their talents and opportunities. And his words are the more convincing because they were addressed to a much beloved son.

For a long time I have believed that the business colleges of this country could teach nothing to their pupils that would be more useful to them in their commercial careers than the art of deportment. And the first college that adds a course in good manners to its curriculum is going to make tremendous strides ahead of its rivals. Suppose a college does graduate good typists! How can they render satisfactory service to their employers if they do not know how to comport themselves? I have seen typists who would never miss so much as the insertion of a comma in their typing, but who had atrocious manners. Such a woman is not only at a severe personal

disadvantage—she is a constant source of embarrassment to her employer, who may never know how many persons whose favor he desires, she inadvertently will offend.

As you go about in the world you encounter some very queer ideas about the function of good manners. Some men seem to think that it is effeminate to exhibit beautiful manners before their associates. Others labor under the delusion that politeness is a time-waster. They hold the idea that a short answer is a short cut in business, that the way to be looked up to and respected is to be abrupt and gruff. No philosophy ever was more fallacious. It may require a little more thought, but it takes no more time to reply politely than it does to be curt.

There is no more interesting study than the psychology of business procedure as it is applied by different business men. A certain man of very large interests has not a single chair in his reception room. It matters not how long you must wait to see him, you are compelled to stand. By the time you obtain an audience with him, you are so weary and so much irritated that you want to turn and go. What is this man's reason for making you uncomfortable? Simply this—if he succeeds in wearing and irritating the people who call to see him, he believes that when they enter his private office, he will have the advantage of them. They will be tired and nervous, worried and out of sorts. Being unwearied and unruffled himself, he is in a position to "get the best" of them.

Evidently, this man, who is a very thoughtful man, fails to see that there is a reverse side to this situation. I do not believe he has ever suspected that it is not wise

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to treat friend or foe alike. He has not counted upon making enemies by his ungraciousness. He greatly underestimates the value of friendship and the good will of his fellow-men. If he were a clearer-sighted student of psychology, he would know that you can make a better deal with a man when he is in a good humor, when he is comfortable physically than when he is not.

Dispatch is the soul of business and nothing contributes more toward dispatch than a civil manner. It takes no more time to rise than to remain seated. A pleasant "Thank you" is said in a breath. No time is lost in prefacing one's request with that gracious little word "Please" or to accede to a request with the phrase, "With pleasure". It is such a simple thing to open the door for a departing caller, and it does help so much to say with a smile, "I am glad that you came".

The Chesterfields make the conspicuous successes. You seldom find one that fails.

BEAUTY OF THE LATER LOVE



OW little consideration do we give to the beauties of the later love. How thoughtless we are in our common assumption that the only real love matches are those of early youth. Young love is an exquisite sentiment. It is a divine madness, full of beauty and charm and flavor and fragrance. It is like a rosy cloud hovering over the eastern horizon of the early morning of life. Yet, its beauty is not so gorgeous as the love that comes to man and woman when they have lived beyond their first youth, who take to the altar with them all the richness of a fine experience, the wisdom that comes from lives well lived, and a depth of romantic feeling and devotion such as boyhood and girlhood cannot possibly know.

Some years ago while I was a reporter of society, a cultivated gentlewoman, her soft white hair framing a lovely face came into my office one day and, with a good deal of hesitation, asked me to make announcement of her marriage which was to take place the following day.

"What will my friends say about me?" she asked when she had finished giving me the story.

"They will say that they are delighted", I answered. This delightful woman who had retained much of her youthful energy and vivacity was marrying a man of suitable age and position, and there was every reason to assume that they would "live happily ever after", an assumption that has proved to be correct. Theirs has been an exceptionally happy marriage. If ever two

persons were looking peacefully and cheerfully toward the fade-out of life's drama, if ever man and woman lived in perfect harmony and in daily consideration of their service to each other, they are the white-haired couple whose wedding story I wrote with the keenest pleasure some ten years ago.

No human tie can be of stronger tissue than the attachment between a mature man and woman, who unhampered with young illusions, take each other for better or for worse.

A young girl has too many illusions, she is too inexperienced, and the sex instinct counts for too much in the love she gives to the man of her choice, for her love to be as deeply founded as that of a woman of greater age. Curiosity is a factor in her thinking and feeling. Adventure is another element. Where a young girl yields to emotional feeling, an older woman makes a deliberate choice. To the man who wins that older woman I would say, "Is not that choice a subtle flattery?" The woman is armed with experience and knowledge. For that knowledge and experience she usually has paid pretty dearly. It is extremely doubtful if the inexperienced girl, who naturally enough is unable to make comparisons, measures anything at its true worth.

Then, a girl's coquetry is but simple, while the woman's coquetry is inexhaustible. She can satisfy a score of demands made by a man's vanity while a young girl does well if she satisfies one. With her greater power and dignity, with her greater understanding and sympathy and tolerance, her ability to comfort where a girl would only moan, she need not forfeit her girlishness. We all know certain women who seem to possess


a deathless gift of girlish spirits, which cling to them until the end of life.

In the golden prime of a later love, when a man and a woman look out over life's poetic summit, they combine with the fervor of the first passion that depth of feeling which only experience can bring. Youth can look only into the future, and a strange, unexplored future at that. Maturity looks both ways, back into the past, forward into the future, into the whole course of romantic love. "This is love" they can say to each other for they know whereof they speak.

No one has ever expressed this sentiment more beautifully or more truly than Henry Ward Beecher in one of his sermons where he says: "Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could rise on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasure into its depths—not until then can you know what love is".

If this be true, then only maturity can know and experience the full measure of love. Only in maturity can men and women discover themselves in each other. The younger people who read this may resent it. But those who have reached life's summit or are approaching it, will know the meaning of my words.

WIT VERSUS SILVER PLATE

“ E'LL have tea and bread and butter sandwiches. Not a very heavy diet—but it will do.” “Do let me contribute some cake”, urged the friend in whose honor this festivity was to be given.

“No, thank you, I couldn't possibly let you do that. Everybody knows that I can afford bread and butter and that I cannot afford cake. So, we will have the bread and butter and if there are any on this list of forty who are not satisfied with such light rations, well—I will have to let them go.”

If more women would assume so sensible an attitude toward the discharge of their social obligations, there would be a great deal more wholesome pleasure to be enjoyed in this life.

The first speaker had been a great belle in her girlhood. She had married a man in official life who was not blessed with very much money. Very wisely, they decided in the beginning to cut the scale of their living to fit the cloth of their income, and to make no apologies for the fact that they could not dress or entertain with the same lavishness and beauty as their wealthier friends. This, however, did not prevent them from thoroughly enjoying their environment, from entertaining in their own manner and from going about just as happily and gaily as if they had been worth a million or two. For what they lacked in elegance of equipment they fully compensated for in personal charm and bright spirits.

The wife offered no excuses for the simplicity of her wardrobe, nor for her bread and butter sandwiches and tea. So delightful was the quality of her hospitality that not one of her guests ever thought of comparing to her disadvantage her simple menage with the handsome appointments of larger homes.

Half the people who feel themselves snubbed by society actually are not snubbed, at all. They are the victims of vain imaginings. They see slights where they are not. Men and women of quality who once attain a position need never lose it. Let the blows of outrageous fortune descend upon them fast and thickly, they are not on that account condemned to isolation unless they create it of themselves. Yet, you hear such people bemoaning the fickleness and cruelty of society. They are not invited as they were. They are not sought out with the same eagerness and persistence as in their palmier days. Perhaps they are not so much sought, and with good reason. Society is designed to be happy, light-hearted and vivacious. It is not attracted by the people who consider themselves victims. It keeps no crown for the martyr. It seeks diversion and it demands that it shall be amused. People who carry a burden of grief and disappointment with them are out of place within its folds.

Society is one vast system of reciprocity. You entertain me and I entertain you. This is nothing more or less than justice. Why should either man or woman expect to receive in lavish measure when they make no effort to give? Even the most charming and gifted persons wear out their welcome in the course of time.

The most generous of hosts grow weary of asking the same persons over and over when the latter make no return in kind.

"I simply cannot return the courtesies of wealthier people", you often hear a woman say. Yes, she could return them if she were not so hampered by false pride. Of course, she cannot pay off her obligations in the coin of lavish and sumptuous entertainment, but she can do it in a smaller way. Some of the most delightful social experiences of a lifetime are had in the simplest homes that radiate kindness and generous feeling, where wit and humor are enthroned.

It would be very fine, of course, if everybody could live in a mansion, if all men and women could eat off of Madeira embroidery laid over mahogany and drink out of priceless cups. It would be still finer if all the people who are gifted intellectually and artistically could have material settings appropriate to them. But since artistic and intellectual gifts do not always bring a very high price in the market, those members of society who are poor in material possessions and rich in spiritual things should give of their kind of riches. Men and women in artists' colonies develop a wholesome independence of fine homes, floor coverings, furniture and silver dishes. They know what some other people have only vaguely suspected—that the only thing in this world of lasting value is an idea, and ideas are their regular medium of exchange.

Why cannot more of us trust to our wit to make our homes pleasant and attractive? Wit is certainly more satisfying and stimulating than endless cakes and ice-creams.

HUMOR, THE SAVING GRACE



HAT a saving grace is a sense of humor! Humorous men and women are the flowers of the human race. What matters it that the world never celebrates them as heroes and heroines?

It is enough that they can be with us, that they have a genius for lightening so much that is heavy, that they take the sting out of life. Life would be unbearable without the comic element. We could not survive it half so long.

It gives us a sense of relief in reading of a great event in history like that of the trial of Lord Stafford, of his marvelous speech and his stirring appeal to "the saint of heaven", to read also that the people at the trial ate nuts and apples, talked and even laughed and betted on the great question of his acquittal or condemnation. That simple human element in the trial gives us a sense of relief just when our nerves are taut. Nor is it surprising that some persons could have found the heart to eat or bet on such an occasion, for the average mind cannot stand much concentration. It must and will have relief.

One of the secrets of Shakespeare's greatness was the relieving charm of his humor. Think of the gravedigger's scene in Hamlet and the porter's dialogue with several imaginary persons in the tragedy of Macbeth.

The person who is deficient in humor is bound to be deficient in a practical knowledge of human affairs. The two always go together. Such persons know little and care less about the world of "cake and ale". Usually

they are unsympathetic and intolerant and they take little, if any, interest in "the easy, ordinary, shop-keeping world".

I cannot understand why it is that so many women are lacking in a sense of humor unless it be that they live more solitary lives than men, and that they experience by no means so many contacts with people and events.

If all women had a sense of humor a great many more of them would hold the love and interest of their husbands and there would be far less domestic infelicity. It is the woman who has no sense of humor that makes mountains out of mole-hills, who cries because her husband goes away in the morning without kissing her, who imagines that he no longer loves her when he appears to be more interested in his newspaper than in her. It is the woman without a sense of humor who longs to parade her knowledge before her husband and her friends. I care not how brainy or scholarly a man may be, he is not looking for a brilliant display of intellectual fireworks when he goes home after a hard day's work. What he wants is a play of humor, fun and brightness and good cheer. He wants to be amused rather than instructed. He wants to forget the battles of the day and the anxieties of the morrow. Many a man has turned from a too heavy, too serious wife to the "wreathed smiles" and effervescent spirits of "the other woman", not because he was willing to be an unfaithful husband, but because he was so weary of his wife's ponderous talk and manner, and he so longed for a taste of the lighter side of life.

If you have a sense of humor, you can live through anything. Few conditions in life are without their

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funny aspects, and the person who can see the humorous side to an unpleasant happening blesses himself and everybody else. There are a surprising number of things in this world to laugh at, not in a spirit of ridicule, not out of a superior attitude of mind, but in a good humored acceptance of life's incongruities and the pranks that fate persistently plays.

The very essence of true humor is love. As Carlyle tells us, it is a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting, as it were into our affections what lies below us, and drawing down gently into our affections that which is above.

CAN MEN REFORM WIVES?



HE woman who marries an ordinary two-cylinder man and who by the exercise of tact and patient effort converts him into a fine six-cylinder machine is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern civilization.

The man who habitually has wasted his substance in extravagant living is taken in hand by a practical woman who in the nicest way in the world teaches him the value of thrift, of getting the most for his money, and who convinces him of the wisdom of saving a part of his income.

Here is a man who did not enjoy good educational and social opportunities in his youth. His manners need a little polishing. He does not exactly know how to dress. Along comes a clever woman who appreciates the soundness of his character and who discerns in him far greater possibilities than he ever has dreamed are his. With a wisdom that is essentially feminine, she overlooks his superficial shortcomings, and falls in love with the fine manly spirit that to the casual observer may be obscured by an unpolished exterior. Within a few years after their marriage you notice that the man has come out wonderfully, that he is beautifully dressed, that his manners are delightful and that there is a new sparkle in his eye. Well-timed and skillfully administered suggestion have almost transformed him.

You have seen a third type—the man who never has appeared to have much ambition. Year after year he had plodded along and always in the same old rut. More

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successful men regard him as mediocre. He never will get anywhere, they say. Nobody cares for his opinion. He has no influence. Habitually, he is overlooked. Perhaps he has reached middle age, has been once married, and has been left a widower. As a widower, he is of less consequence than ever. Then some canny little creature with a clearer vision than the rest sees real possibilities in him. Overjoyed to find somebody who believes in him, who perceives elements of greatness in him, the man marries her. And what happens? I need not tell you, for you have seen it with your own eyes. The man acts as if he had drunk of some powerful elixir. He takes a new grip on his business. He finds a delight in the society of his friends. He begins to make more money than he ever thought of making. New interests find a place in his life and all because of one small woman who was wiser than the rest.

The transforming effect of woman's influence when it is inspired by love is almost a commonplace. Thousands of men literally are made over by it. Diamonds in the rough are polished until they shine with a ray serene.

But, why is it that so few men are able to exercise a civilizing influence upon their wives? Why is it that superior husbands do not reform their inferior wives? Why is it that commonplace wives almost invariably remain commonplace even though they have the advantage of association with extraordinary men?

It is almost impossible for a man to alter the character, the manners and the habits of a woman, first, because he does not know how to go about it, and second, because women do not take so kindly to criticism and suggestion as do most men.

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When a man disapproves of his wife's latest choice of millinery, how does he express himself? Nine times out of ten he will say to her bluntly, "what did you buy that hat for?"

What does a woman say when she is striving to cultivate her husband's taste in neckties? She will do one of two things if she is a real woman. She will confiscate the tie that does not suit her husband's peculiar style of beauty and she will tell him that it has been lost, or that it had worn so shabby that she gave it to the man who does the chores. Or, admitting that the tie is still available, she will say in her softest manner, "Dearie, don't you think this other one is much more becoming to you?" Cunningly, she drops a remark about what charming manners Mr. Blank has and how gracefully he lifts his hat and how pleased his wife always looks when he puts her in their car. When he envies Jones who had to pay an excess profits tax, she tells him that he is ten times smarter than Jones, that his potentialities for success are limitless, that all he needs in his business is more confidence in himself.

It is a feminine gift—this talent for civilizing men and giving them encouragement and inspiration and bringing them to a realization of their best gifts. Men have not the patience, and they will not take the trouble to do it as it must be done. Women are hurt and offended by their bluntness, and the man soon discovers that his efforts to improve his wife result in more harm than good.

The difficulty of a man's reforming his wife is increased by her extreme sensitiveness. A woman can take criticism from another woman when she will not

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take it from a man. If a man tells his wife that her hat is not becoming, she most likely will do one of three things. She will get mad; she will have a crying fit; or she will ignore her husband's opinion in the fond belief that he knows nothing about women's hats and that on that basis his judgment is negligible. But, if her sister or a woman friend assures her that she has made a poor selection, she will take the hat back.

In this way, I believe, the difference may be explained. It always has been woman's business to work with humanity, to train her children, to uphold ideals to her husband, to make life and living just as fine and beautiful as she possibly can. Man's business, on the contrary, is to struggle with material forces, to till the ground, to produce food, to span the river, to tunnel the mountain, to establish lines of transportation, to create financial systems and to institute government. To accomplish her ends, which usually are spiritual, woman uses the soft word. To accomplish his ends, which usually are material, man must strike mightily, and with his strong right arm.

WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?



WONDER if the tired mother and conscientious housekeeper who seldom, if ever, finds time for "cultural activities" realizes that good housekeeping is the foundation of genuine culture and that she is actually doing more to promote the cause of culture than the woman who makes a specialty of self-improvement clubs.

With no desire to disparage culture and improvement clubs which have their proper functions, it is well for women, particularly those who "go in for culture" to remember that the process of self-cultivation is too subtle a thing to be affected by clubs. It is something that grows in the individual through environment and education—it cannot be suddenly grafted on from the outside. I am sure that is what Mr. John Kendrick Bangs had in mind when he said to me during a recent visit that the hope of this country was not so much in its great industries, its great wealth-producing institutions as in its fine, patient wives and mothers, striving to do the utmost for their children and in its teachers, who with no hope of greater compensation than a living wage, work for the creation of ideals.

Some of us have a queer idea of what culture is. Some of us imagine that culture is in knowing a mezzotint when you see it instead of being wise in ways that help people to live decently and comfortably. Some of us imagine that culture resides in knowing how many wives Henry VIII had instead of knowing how to bake a good loaf of bread, in being able to chatter glibly about the

WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?

poets of the Renaissance period, instead of having mastered the art of laying an attractive table, of being on speaking terms with the modern drama, rather than in cultivating a fine cheerful spirit or a charming speaking voice.

Every woman in this world can be "cultured" though she never attended college or belonged to a culture club. The truly cultured woman is not the restless seeker after new distractions, but the woman who keeps a clean house, who puts good food on her table, who with a gentle voice speaks correct English, and who does not save up her good manners for "society", but exhibits them in her home. There is more culture in a well arranged table, laid with clean linen and china and bright silver, with perhaps a single flower in the center than in all the "culture movements" in the world. There is more culture in a neat person, than in all the opinions concerning world affairs that a woman can collect. There is more culture in sweetness and amiability and refined ways than in a knowledge of a dozen systems of philosophy. There is more culture in knowing the meaning of Millet's "Gleaners" in understanding the struggle of those three figures, the quick-moving girl, the slower woman and the stiff-backed grandmother, all striving to ward off hunger, than in owning the original. There is more culture in knowing and practicing the simple laws of hygiene than in covering up physical disintegration by artificial means.

A pretty good place to take a survey of American culture is the dressing room of a Pullman car. All you have to do is to take a glance at your traveling sister's personal belongings, at the condition in which she leaves

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the wash-basin for the woman who is to follow her, at the way she tosses soiled towels on the floor, at the carelessness with which she smears her make-up all over the place. If personal habits are not an indication of one's degree of culture, I do not know what criterion we have.

What is a cultured home? Is it not the home in which character and habits of refinement are formed? Is it not the home in which the children are taught to be honest? Is it not the home from which the man of the family is ashamed to go out and play a mean business trick upon his competitor, or make a dirty dollar by the exercise of his brain? Is it not the home where kindness is the keynote and where quarreling and bickering are regarded as unspeakably vulgar?

Culture, friends, is in the substance, not the shadow. It resides in all fine and useful effort, rather than in what some misguided persons are pleased to call "elegant leisure". And this I would like to impress upon all men and women—culture is not to be had at the expense of some fellow-being who works for two that one may loaf.

MEASURING WOMAN'S SUCCESS



WHAT constitutes a woman's success? Is it social eminence? Is it conspicuous achievement in business, artistic, professional or political life? Or does the most substantial success come to the loving and beloved woman, who makes it her supreme office to cheer, encourage and inspire? Is the most successful woman she who is ever ready with her sympathy, who possesses exquisite refinement, unfailing good humor, charming courtesy and grace in an infinite variety?

As we look over all the women of our acquaintance, does it not seem that there are too many who deem it enough to go out in the world just as a man does, and make for themselves a considerable worldly success? One woman possessed of business sagacity may open a store, buy and sell industriously, and at the end of the year, have a very tidy profit. Another may become an expert private secretary. A third may study law or medicine, and rise in one of those professions. A fourth gifted with remarkable talent for music attains international fame. The number of women who are achieving success in political life constantly is increasing. There are women authors and women artists. There are women devoting themselves to science. There are women traveling to sell goods.

The majority of these women long to be successful as women—there are only a few who don't care about that. Yet, a great many of those same women are losing sight of a fact which is quite obvious to men, that is, that

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there are certain separate and distinct feminine attributes which enter into the making of the womanly woman. They fail to appreciate the value of womanly graces. This lack of appreciation they betray in their voice, their language, their manners and their dress. They do not intend to allow themselves to become hardened—they merely drift with the tide of modern influences and events.

No woman could ever afford to neglect the womanly graces. She can afford that neglect less than ever today when her life is cast so frequently in places where competition is imminent, where keen commercial sagacity tends to displace womanly tenderness, and intellectual precision is too often cultivated at the expense of the qualities of the heart. A manner of brisk efficiency does very well in business, but it ought to be taken off and put away with one's street hat—it is anything but charming when it is carried into private life.

Is it not significant that we have not today any great and immortal heroines in fiction such as were created by Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott? Shakespeare wrote only two or three plays that did not have one perfect woman in them. He gave us a score of exquisite characterizations—Rosalind, Desdemona, Hermione, Imogen, Silvia, Viola, Helena and Virgilia—all conceived in the mold of a queenly womanhood. Sir Walter Scott gave us for our everlasting delight and refreshment such lovely feminine characters as Ellen Douglas, Diana Vernon, Lillias Redgauntlet, Jeanie Deans and Flora McIvor—all of whom he invested with the highest qualities of gentle womanhood. Our writers, it is true, draw for us many portraits of lovely women, but they do not give us

such vital characterizations. Is it that they have not such great powers of interpretation? Is it because they cannot find the same inspiration in the noblest women of our day? Or can it be that as the world has grown, exquisite womanly characters have become so numerous that they no longer attract attention?

Certainly we would like to accept the third supposition as that which is nearest the truth. And if it be so, it is the greater tribute to woman since it is no easy task for her to keep herself charming when she is surrounded with so many harsh, material influences. There is no use denying the fact that all playing at precedence, whether it be social, political, professional or commercial, does not incline women to the cultivation of the purely feminine graces. Fighting for worldly advantage, struggling to win the almighty dollar is likely to be anything but a softening process. Rather does it tend to confirm the best of women in habits of thought and manner that savor too strongly of the market-place. There is danger, too, of arrogance among commercially or professionally successful women, whom you sometimes hear speaking of love with contempt. This arrogance of self-sufficiency is very foolish, very unlovely. It is a terrible menace to the woman-soul.

How are we women going to meet and ward off these unfortunate influences? By remembering that affection is woman's first grace, that refinement is her first duty, that the power to cheer is her greatest privilege.

More good men and children go wrong from the lack of affection at home than all other causes put together. Harsh words have made many a drunkard and criminal. Lack of sympathy and understanding have sent many

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a young girl to her fall. When a woman has the grace of affection and she lavishes it upon her menfolk, she gives them something bigger than any bank accounts they can accumulate. When she lavishes it wisely upon her children, she can defeat the most malignant influences. And, if it were not for the innate refinement of women, this world would still be inhabited by barbaric hordes.

If a woman's family and intimate friends cannot look to her for sympathy, gentleness, cheerfulness and inspiration; if she is not the soul of refinement; if she does not possess that endless variety of graces which we like to think of as synonymous with queenly womanhood—then she is a failure as a woman, however successful she may be in other ways.

IF YOU COULD LIVE AGAIN



HEY were speculating upon what they would do if they had their lives to live over—a group of a half dozen women, all well enough acquainted to speak without restraint. Who of us has not wished for an opportunity to live again in the light of mature wisdom and experience? Which one of us does not sometimes feel regret over some folly of our youth, which we would not have committed had we known better. Futile longing though it is, we would all like to have that one more opportunity to work out our destiny and we are sure that we would do it much more successfully, if the chance were only ours.

“If I had my life to live over, I would not be in such haste to marry”, said one—and what a common complaint is that! “I would try to know the man thoroughly before I cast my lot with his. I would restrain my emotions long enough to let my head make the decision. I am a believer in long engagements. They are not always favorable to marriage and so much the better, for if an attachment will not stand the test of a long betrothal, it will not stand the longer and greater test of married life. More restrictions should be thrown about marriage. It is much too easy to get a license and find a minister who will tie the knot. Letting my heart run away with my judgment has been the great mistake of my life”.

“I can trace about nine-tenths of all my sorrows and mistakes to snobbish notions of my youth”, declared the second woman in the group. “I seem to have been

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reared on a false sense of values. I was always looking for the glittering, showy thing, not the real substance of life. I believe this snobbish tendency was first engendered in me by my mother, who if she made a garment for me would warn me not to let that fact become known. I grew up believing that the only people worth knowing were those prominent in society and those who had plenty of money to spend. Worldly success, both social and financial, was the one aim and goal of my life. A loss of everything I had once deemed invaluable—money, position, the flattering attentions of society—has made me a wiser woman than I was. The very things of which I was formerly so enamored have very little attraction for me now. I have learned that a good many people of similar ambition live with much profit to the dressmaker, the florist, the caterer, the milliner and the confectioner, but with very little profit to themselves. False standards of living, set up by snob-bishness, have undermined many an otherwise sound character. They discount genuineness, and place a premium upon the superficial. I have outgrown that kind of folly and have begun my life all over again. I have found peace in the discharge of simple duty, and happiness in the quiet ways of home.”

“My greatest regret is that I did not take advantage of my opportunity to secure a good education when it was presented to me”, said the third woman. “In my girlhood I was so obsessed with the desire to have a good time that I never suspected the day might come when I would need a sound education. As a result of my folly, I am now striving to grasp certain fundamentals I should have mastered in my youth. I am trying to ac-

quire mental habits that should have become second nature to me when I was no more than 20 years old. I am doing the very thing I was sure I would not do. I am earning my living. If I had seized every chance for self-improvement as I was maturing, life would be a good deal easier for me now."

"If I had my life to live over again, I would have graciously accepted Destiny as she was revealed to me", declared the fourth speaker. "I would have taken her hand and walked with her instead of resisting her with all my might. For years I exhausted my strength trying to out-general her. I seared my mind and wasted my body trying to make her dance to my tune. I spent my youth devouring biographies of the great and near-great, and reading books on self-mastery and the conquest of fate. Resolved that I would conquer the world and my own destiny, I sweat blood in a series of futile efforts. In my violence I almost destroyed myself. But since I have made a friend instead of an antagonist of destiny, I feel that I am beginning to make a little progress and I am much happier than I ever have been."

What can we get from these four human stories? Just this—that we cannot think, feel or act at 20 as we will at 40—and learning how to live is what life is for.

MISTAKEN SELF-SACRIFICE



NE of those dear mothers who longs to sacrifice everything to the happiness of her children has written to me that with the high cost of commodities she has been unable to buy a spring hat and she has not so much as an old shape she could trim up.

“After buying organdie dresses, slippers and ribbons for my two girls”, she says, “there is absolutely nothing left for me. Because I have no hat, I am forced to stay at home. I cannot accept any kind of invitation, and I cannot even go to church”, she comments pathetically.

In her desire to be unselfish, what a mistake this mother makes! Cannot she realize that the mother is the head of the family, that she must take precedence over her daughters, that a hat for herself is a necessity, while organdie dresses and pretty slippers and ribbons fall into the luxury class?

Time after time we have seen mothers go shabby in order to deck out their daughters like young princesses, and what has been the result?

The daughters in their youthful ignorance, naturally enough reach the conclusion that they are superior to their mothers, that good clothes are their proper due, regardless of how their mothers dress.

Now, this one foolish assumption would be unfortunate enough in itself, if no other evil resulted from a mother's mistaken policy of abject self-sacrifice. But as things go in this world, a whole train of little evils grow out of a girl's idea that she is better than her mother. Very eas-

ily, she falls into the way of thinking that her mother does not need suitable clothes, that it is quite the proper thing for her mother to stay at home from a tea or a luncheon, a meeting of her club or a gathering in her church. She solaces herself with the reflection that her mother has had her day, that she, the young woman is entitled to the right of way in all matters of family expenditure, that there is nothing essentially improper or unnatural about her being a lily of the field while her mother toils and spins.

When a mother once permits her daughter to lose respect for her, the girl, unless she possesses a good deal of innate refinement and nobility of character, is likely to speak disrespectfully to her mother and to treat her mother with unconcern. Heartless impudence has fallen to the lot of many an over-indulgent mother, who out of a foolish desire to see her daughter beautifully gowned and having the opportunity to move in a circle to which the family has not been accustomed, just because she has deliberately accepted the position of an inferior in her own family, and has permitted herself to be snubbed. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth" becomes the burden of her thinking, after the damage has been done, when it is too late to recall the daughter to a proper sense of values in the relation that she bears to her mother, and when she has become so accustomed to dressing beyond and above her station that she no longer can be satisfied with simpler and more appropriate clothes.

All children want to be proud of their parents.

"Mother, how pretty you look tonight!"

It is with a heart swelling with pride that a child looks

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upon the mother, who for some special occasion has donned a new frock, or has taken greater pains than usual with her toilette. Bitterness and shame have silently eaten their way into many a childish heart because father and mother were careless about their appearance, because it did not seem to matter to them how they looked to other eyes.

Mothers who go shabby to deck out their daughters, cheat those very same daughters out of a child's dearest source of pride—the pride they feel in their mothers, their desire to see their own mothers stand favorable comparison with the mothers of other girls.

Nothing means so much to a normal child as to be proud of a parent. During the life of the parent, it is a never-ending source of filial satisfaction, and it is a beautiful memory after death.

Mothers—don't buy organdies and ribbons for your daughters and go without decent hats and dresses for yourselves. If you do, you will surely rue the day you were so foolish. Not only will you lose the respect of your children, and possibly your husband's, but you will forfeit the respect of your neighbors and friends.

THE ART OF GROWING OLD



OCCASIONALLY you see an elderly man or woman so interesting and so interested in what is going on today, so cheerful and buoyant, so charming of manner, attractively and appropriately dressed, that you wonder why everyone in the world cannot grow old gracefully.

As a matter of fact, to grow old gracefully, you have to begin when you are young. Growing old gracefully is like learning a trade, acquiring a profession or getting an education—it is not a thing to be attained in a few weeks, months or even years, and it is extremely difficult when it is begun late in life. Every time I hear young people bemoaning the disagreeable habits of their elders, and criticizing the irritable tempers of the old people in their family circle, justifiable as their criticisms may be, I cannot help wondering if they too, may not be forming habits of mind, manner and speech which eventually will render them tiresome and disagreeable persons when they reach old age.

The secret of growing old gracefully is to build a beautiful and gracious character during the days of one's youth and maturity. The pretty young girl whose jealousy and envy of her associates vents itself in sharp criticism of their dress and conduct, position and possessions; the middle-aged woman who gossips disagreeably and rolls every bit of scandal she can hear like a sweet morsel under her tongue; the man who swears at the slightest provocation, who is irritable and captious, who

commits little mean, treacherous acts—all of these are preparing for an old age that will be hypercritical, fault-finding, censorious, and unappreciative. For every time they indulge themselves in an unkind act, in an ugly humor, they are approaching just one step nearer to the goal of an unloved and unlovely old age.

We have a right, I believe, to expect elderly men and women to be the most tenderly appealing, the most reassuring, the most comforting, the most kindly and tolerant persons of earth. They have passed by that time when the hyenas of passion tore them. They have fought life's many battles, sometimes to win, sometimes to lose. They have known sorrow and grief and disappointment. They have experienced happiness and triumph and success. They have dodged death and they have conquered sickness. They have seen life ebb and ebb and finally flicker out in their dearest, and their tears have fallen into open graves. They have known love's disillusionment and love's realization. They have spent sleepless nights and joyous days. They have striven to the very utmost of human striving, if they were men and women of ambition and aspiration. They have seen the very structures they built with so much labor crumble and fall at their feet. Knowing life as they must know it, how it is possible that they can be otherwise than sympathetic and understanding and charitable? To no human souls do we turn with such yearning for sympathy and reassurance as to older men and women. Yet, how often do they offer us the stones of folly and sarcasm and complaining and bitterness when we hoped for the bread of wisdom and kindness, the comforting and reassuring word.

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Is the idea of swelling the ranks of disagreeable, unloved, unwanted old folk abhorrent to you?

Then, you must begin early to cultivate a life-long habit of generous and thoughtful consideration of everybody with whom you come in contact.

Beauty, brilliancy, talent, power, position, money will stand you in hand when you are young. The world will forgive you many disagreeable and unlovely traits of character and ugly habits so long as you have your youthful strength and magnetism. But it won't forgive you when old age takes possession of you, and you have nothing better to give than material things.

It is all very well to talk about revering old people, but reverence is not prompted or governed by a sense of duty. True reverence for the elderly and delight in their presence can spring only from such sentiments of love and loyalty and admiration as they, by their kind hearts, gracious manners and good breeding, can inspire in us.

A FORTUNE IN FRIENDS

BE FRIENDS with everybody". Such is the advice Charles M. Schwab gave the students of Princeton University when he stood before them and pointed them to the way of building a successful life.

"When you have friends", he said, "you know there is somebody who will stand by you. You know the old saying that if you have a single enemy you will find him everywhere. It doesn't pay to make enemies. Lead the life that will make you kindly and friendly to everybody about you, and you will be surprised at what a happy life you will live."

Most of us think too little about the value of making friends. When I write these words, I do not mean that we should start out with the idea that we are going to make friends whom we can use for our own selfish purposes, for if we do that we soon will be found out, and we will have no friends at all. We all know certain men who have made a business of cultivating those persons whom they believe will be useful to them, and how few friendships such men enjoy. If we want to make friends we should go about it in the hope of adding something to the sum total of this world's happiness, and not with the idea of securing selfish benefits for ourselves.

However, the fine things that may come to us through the friendships we establish are not to be minimized.

Have you ever noticed that it is the man who has the ability to make friends with all sorts and conditions of people who is sought out by big business institutions and

is entrusted with an important place? That man may know absolutely nothing about that particular line of business. But, the men who seek him consider his lack of technical knowledge unimportant. That is something he can acquire. It is for his fine, rich personality that the business wants him. Where at the start his technical knowledge may be negligible, his faculty for drawing men to him will be worth many thousands of dollars to the firm. And have you ever noticed that it is the woman who creates an atmosphere of friendliness about her who is in demand on all occasions? She may not have very much money, and she may have only two or three gowns, but she knows how to make others happy, and that is what this world really wants.

It is worth while to give a little thought to those persons who make friends wherever they go. It is worth while noticing that they nearly always wear happy expressions, which is merely the outward, visible sign of their goodness of heart. When they shake hands with you, they do it heartily—they do not offer you a cold, clammy, listless palm. There is a ring of sincerity in their cordial words of greeting. There is a sort of aura of amity about them which you sense instantly. You are warmed, comforted, even electrified in their presence. No matter how weary or distracted you may have been feeling, after basking in the glow of their friendliness, you say to yourself, "What a good world this is, after all".

In some periods of the lives of all of us, we stand in sore need of friends. We are stricken with sickness. We lose our money. We face a crisis in our domestic affairs or in our business life. The ones that we love

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best become afflicted, or they are taken from us. Then, friendship comes to allay our sorrows, to lighten our oppressions, to dispel our doubts, to clarify our troubled minds. And when friendship does so lift the burden, what an unspeakable blessing we know it to be. Anything, everything seems endurable, and we take a new grip on life.

Don't wait to accumulate a fortune before you begin to make friends. Don't postpone it until you have secured a certain amount of leisure. Don't put it off until you become prosperous or prominent—for in the meantime your heart may dry up. Just take the opportunities that come to you in the course of your daily living to smile, to say a kind and encouraging word, to render some little personal service, to express some appreciation, to radiate a love of all people. An open, lovable soul, a rich heart, a kindly feeling toward everybody will make you a millionaire in friendships though you may have less money than anyone that you know.

LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY



DO YOU ever lie down on the grass and look up into the sky? If you don't, you are missing that which would do your heart and soul good.

Looking up into the vastness of blue heaven is one way of escaping sharp trouble and slow anxiety.

With most of us, looking up into the sky is a lost art. As we go about our business, we either keep our eyes on the earth, or look straight ahead. Days, weeks and months may pass without our once turning our glance upward, which is the worst of all possible ways to live.

Things would go better in this world if more of us would take an occasional view of the sky. Looking up into the sky will do two things to you. Its vastness reminds you of the smallness of the world and the passing value of mundane things. Suddenly, you realize how narrow has been your human vision, how cramped and prejudiced your mind. Then it comes to you that you cannot keep a fair perspective if you persist in keeping your eyes on the earth, on the quarrels and contests of equally prejudiced human beings, and never turn your eyes heavenward.

The second thing that looking into the sky can do for you is to stimulate your imagination, and imagination as we know, is the transmuting force of the world. Imagination, combined with reason, is the basis of invention. The Wright brothers had to imagine an airship before they could start to build one. It was necessary for Fulton to imagine a steamboat before he could get one under way. In imagination the child plans what he

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will do when he grows to man's estate. The young girl imagines how she will leave her home, either to marry or follow a career. Actors, writers and artists always are living in imagination that time when they will have captivated the world. They study and work. They labor until body and brain are numb. They forget passing pleasure and material advantage. They sacrifice everything for that future goal which they can see so vividly far away though it may be. The politician imagines himself a great statesman. The mother dreams of what her children will attain at some future day. Those who never grow weary of looking skyward are those that finally reach the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. It is the dispirited soul, he who succumbs to his weariness and who forgets that he may look skyward that droops and finally fails.

A reporter of the peace conference attributes Lloyd George's strength at the peace table and his amazing success in enforcing Great Britain's claims to the fact that he occasionally slipped away from Paris, crossed the channel, traveled to his rural villa and for several days lay on the ground, looked up at the sky—and thought. When he returned to Paris, his body refreshed, his mind having a clearer view of the situation, he was a match for them all. Certain other representatives at the peace table, who never withdrew for an hour's repose, or better still to look up into the sky, became confused and lost ground. If you will watch the best business men in this country, and the best politicians, you will notice that they give themselves a chance to think things over, to right themselves, even though they take some other method than looking up into the sky.

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If the haunting dread of possible failure visits you—lie down on the grass and look up into the sky. Your spirits are bound to revive and your sense of proportion will be restored. I believe that the sky is that part of creation which the God of nature made for the purpose of comforting and inspiring man. I believe that men would incline more to justice, that they would try to be more scrupulous and compassionate, if once in a while they would lift their eyes to the skies. You can hardly turn your eyes from the earth to the heavens without thinking of your future, what you will have to take with you to the next world, and how you will enter upon your life there.

Sensitive persons who long to find life more lovely and harmonious may temporarily escape the clogging conditions of their existence by looking up into the sky. Those who are harassed and worried will find in its blue infinity a blessed ecstasy of peace. Those who strive and struggle for perfection will have their hopes renewed.

You hardly can look at the sky without realizing the folly of being selfish, greedy, treacherous or spiteful and without seeing at the same time the beauty in noble conduct, in a kindly, sweet-tempered life. The horror of sordid living and thinking will grow upon you. You will perceive that no happiness can lie in the direction of an unvaried program of self-serving, that you will not extend the range of your ideals that way or get an inkling of the divine.


If you have had the patience to read thus far, you may say, "Why, I have no time for such nonsense. The woman does not know what she says".

Then, I will recall to you the life of Joseph, how his

brethren seeing him approaching from the distance, said in a tone of contempt, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Let us slay him and cast him into some pit and see what will become of his dreams". When they could not slay him they sold him into slavery. Little did they suspect then that the day was to come when they would stand before him, their peer, that he in his generosity would forgive them and entertain them royally.

This experience of looking up at the sky, and seeing things brighter and clearer and better, is just as real an experience as eating or drinking. It gives you an increased sense of the largeness and richness of life. It brings you a deliverance beyond your dreams.

ROSES AND THE LIFE OF MAN

“ACH morn a thousand roses brings” sang Omar as he looked out upon a Persian garden. When we come to think of it, what would this world be without its roses? Roses have been loved by every generation since the beginning of time. The ancients wove them into chaplets and used them at every festival and sacrifice. Long before the moderns tuned their lyres to sing of the beauty and fragrance of roses, their loveliness was being celebrated in Persia, Arabia, Greece and Rome. The Greeks and the Romans so loved the rose that it was associated with every important event in their lives, from the cradle to the grave. The Egyptians once sent a whole shipload of roses to a Roman emperor in the belief that they would make the most acceptable tribute they could offer. At Roman banquets the walls were hung with garlands of roses, and every attendant wore them. Wealthy Roman aristocrats emulated the example of emperors by having their homes adorned with fresh roses every morning during the season. We get our familiar expression, “a bed of roses”, from those Roman sybarites who had their beds filled with roses instead of feathers or down. Since that time, the bed of roses has been synonymous with comfort, happiness and luxury. Not only were roses used by the aristocrats—they were loved and used by the people. The same girl who is making her living as a stenographer today, made it in the time of the Roman empire by making garlands of roses which had a ready sale. Just as we send flowers to the dead,

so did the ancients pile them upon the catafalque. Roses were considered so necessary for the commemoration of the departed that those who were too poor to purchase roses to put on the graves of their beloved would place a request over the tomb, asking the wealthy passerby to bestow upon it the gift of a flower. Many wealthy persons would make bequests to charitable institutions, providing that an offering of roses be made annually in memory of the testators.

For centuries the rose has been the symbol of victory and the conquering hero has been decorated with roses upon his return from victorious wars. When the first American troops marched through the streets of Paris they walked over a carpet of roses, strewn in their way by the French who were almost delirious with joy over the coming of "les Americains". Those same heroes returning to America, were showered once more with rosebuds, by their mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and admiring friends.


Here is something all men know, though they sometimes forget it—that in cultivating flowers and growing trees, they cultivate themselves. Man cannot work without thinking, and when he works among roses, he must perceive that he is, indeed, a part of nature, and that if he is to achieve happiness or success, he must co-operate with her. If the corner grocery infidel would quit whittling and talking long enough to cultivate a rose garden, he might in that garden discover the unity and oneness of nature and the mastership which controls and regulates all. For the man of nature who has seen God in the burning bush of ripening autumn, and who realizes that the same divinity is made manifest in the

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delicately flushed petal of the rose, senses his kinship with flowers, trees, vine and shrubbery and for that reason, he better understands his mission in the world.

It is good for us impecunious strugglers with the dragging weariness of the world upon us to walk once in a while in a rose garden and to be made to feel there that we should take off our shoes, that being holy ground. Grosser materialists we would be if it were not for nature, the truest of idealists and the greatest of poets. Once we get away from the city street, with its stone and iron, she speaks to the imagination and creates in us the very feelings the material world seeks to destroy. In such moments we come to know that it is nature's blue skies, her green trees and fields and her gardens of roses that in the feverish rush of life keep us reasonably sane.

WHAT A TEACHER CAN DO

“ON'T you make a plea to the school teachers to instruct their pupils in kindness, politeness and gentle speech?" mothers have asked me again and again. Sometimes we wonder if teachers realize what a tremendous influence they exert over their pupils, if they understand what a force they are for molding the lives of boys and girls.

Almost six hours a day, the best and most alert hours of a child's life are spent in the school-room, under the control and influence of a teacher. After a child has reached the school age; the mother has not much more opportunity to influence her children than has the teacher. And the very fact that the school influence is away from and outside the home renders it the more profound.

As I look back over my life, I realize that I was profoundly affected by three or four teachers to whom I went to school. This, it seems to me is significant—that the teachers I recall vividly and those who permanently influenced my thinking, were those women who continually filled me with the desire to be as fine as they were themselves. All the rest remain a blank to me—I could not even recall their names. I believe that this is true of most persons. The good is a living memory with us. The bad, unless it is very bad, and the indifferent, pass from our minds.

When a teacher builds character while she is drilling children in the rudiments of writing and geography and arithmetic and spelling, she renders a service for which

no money can pay. The teacher who holds up before her pupils an example of politeness, kindness, honesty, fairness and justice is performing a service that will not only affect the lives of these children, but all the lives that in any way touch theirs. For what does it profit us if we receive a one-sided education, if the mind is cultivated to the neglect of the heart? What does it matter if we assimilate all the learning of all the ages, and have not fine dispositions and characters? As a matter of fact, a keen, well-trained and highly educated mind with no character or conscience to balance it, is the most dangerous of all forces in the world. It can work more havoc than 100 ignorant criminals.


The very children who have not been inspired to great reverence for their parents will look up to a teacher and try to imitate her if she be a woman of refinement and beautiful character. This is particularly true of boys who easily form a semi-romantic attachment for a teacher, especially if she is a woman of personal charm. Little girls, too, sensitive and impressionable as they are, are deeply affected by the atmosphere of the school-room and either blight or blossom in it. A strident-voiced, bad-tempered, coarse-natured woman in the school-room is just as great a moral menace to the children as a woman of fine nature and cultivated manners is uplifting and inspiring to those under her care.

This much must be said about the obligation of the teacher to exercise a noble influence over her pupils—no teacher, however gifted can entirely overcome the influence of a bad and shiftless home. The time to begin teaching children the golden rule and good manners is in their babyhood. If a mother neglects her children for

six years, she must not expect that the school teacher shall undo all the damage she has done. The tendency of woman to shift to the school-room the responsibilities and duties they should be assuming is entirely too prevalent. Too many mothers are expecting the school teacher to train their children in manners and morals simply because they are too lazy to undertake that task.

This is the perfect combination—the mother teaching her children kindness, politeness, fairness and honesty, and the teacher carrying along and amplifying that instruction—refinement and character in the home environment, and the same things in the school.

GRAY HAIRS AND OPPORTUNITY

 HIS is a young man's world—that much is plain”, declared a man just past middle age, with an air of profound discouragement. “The good places all go to the young folk, and only the left-overs fall to men of my years”.

There is no more pathetic sight in this world than gray-haired men and women going about in search of suitable positions and becoming more and more discouraged as they are turned away, or are given inferior jobs.

When one of these discouraged men comes to you for advice, it is very easy from the vantage point of your own competence to tell him to brace up, that if he wants to land a good job he must look prosperous and cheerful, that he must carry himself with an air of confidence, and though he be rejected again and again he must not permit himself to become discouraged, that he must go right on in the assurance that he is destined to the realization of his best hopes.

It is not so easy, however, for your patient to take this advice. It is not easy to be enthusiastic when you have been turned down repeatedly. It is anything but easy to look cheerful when money is growing scarcer and scarcer, and prospects are by no means bright.

Added to the difficulties of the spirit are those of the flesh. Men do not obtain a hearing readily when they have passed their prime. The world of business is interested in young men and their possibilities. The employer knows that a young man is more pliable than an

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old one, that he is quicker and more energetic, more capable of assimilating new ideas. He also knows that an old man feels like taking life more easily, that he is not so willing to brave physical hardships or to endure exposure, and that he will feel the effects of intense effort much sooner than the young.

In the face of these conditions, what can an old man do? First, he must create an illusion of youth. If his hair be white, he should keep it cropped closely. A shaggy white head suggests that the possessor has seen his best days. A few days growth of stubby white beard, too, will add years to his appearance. It is sheer madness for the older man, looking for a job, to permit even his best friend to see him with a day's growth of beard on his face. If he has never formed the habit of good-grooming, it will not be an easy task for him, when he has passed middle-life and he is lacking the stimulus of success. Yet, forming that habit may be a matter of life or death to him, just a case of sink or swim. Unkempt hair, unclean clothing, sagging shoulders and a slouching gait will kill any man's chance of employment. No employer wants to be greeted with signs of decrepitude, and if he happens to be a young man himself, he will be even more impatient with the appearance of old age. One day I saw a man in financial difficulty, wearing a coat, threefourths of the hem of which was ripped out and hanging. While that man may not have been able to buy a new suit, he could have had the hem sewed back, if he had to do it himself. He could have had his frayed cuffs turned in, though he were obliged to be his own tailor.

After a man has looked well to his outward appear-

ance, he must turn his attention to his mental attitude. He must realize that he will stand a very poor chance of landing a good position if when he is about to apply for it, he says to himself, "I really do not expect to get this position—it's bound to go to a younger man. About all I can do is to ask for it, and run the chance that it will fall my way". For a flabby purpose will "buy" him nothing. He dare not sag mentally or physically. He must appear fresh, aggressive, self-sufficient. If they have quite died, he must rekindle the fires of ambition. He must have the courage to say to himself, as I heard one of these more than middle-aged men in search of a job, declare, "Nothing can keep me down".

With all that we have learned within the last 25 years about living longer and keeping younger, we have a long way to go. The ancients must have known much more about it than we do, for Adam lived 950 years, Enoch 365 years, Lamech 777 years and Jared 962 years.

What is wrong with our system that we lost our pep and fire and ambition just at that point in life when we begin to feel that we have learned how to live?

BUSINESS WOMEN FOR WIVES



BUSINESS man who employs many young women and who is not so busy counting his profits that he has no time to think of the future welfare and happiness of the women in his employ, tries to impress upon them this fact which is obvious to him—the more efficient a woman is in the handling of her work, the higher type of man she attracts and the better are her chances for making a good marriage.

“Every few weeks one of my girls leaves my service to take a life job”, he said to me. “I am very much interested in their marrying well and happily. Close observation over a long period of years has convinced me that the more skillful a girl is at her work, the higher type of man she is likely to marry, while the girl who is careless and slipshod about her work usually attracts a man of like caliber.

Every normal woman wants to marry, and she wants to make the best marriage that she can. Therefore, the far-seeing woman of business strives to attain the highest possible efficiency in her work, not only for the purpose of making her services indispensable to her employer, not only for the reason that increased efficiency means a bigger pay envelope and consequently, a greater degree of comfort, security and pleasure for herself, but with the idea of making herself both attractive and interesting to the better class of men with whom she becomes acquainted in her business life.

A man's opportunity for sounding a woman's char-

acter and disposition and for observing her ability is ten times greater in business than in social life. The woman in society appears only on occasions and then usually on dress parade. She is in a position always to put her best foot forward, and she has leisure to prepare herself to present an excellent appearance. She is not, like the business woman, under fire, all of the time. She does not have to stand the test of the very early morning hours when few of us are at our best. Neither is she betrayed by a daily endurance run, and the wear and tear upon her good looks and her disposition as a hard working day comes to its close.

For the very reason that the business woman is bound to become known for what she is by her men associates, it behooves her to remember that insofar as she makes good in business, men who come to know her naturally will reach the conclusion that she could also make good in home life. The business woman who is faithful to her work, who is not continually asking for half-holidays and extra hours off is not likely when she marries, to gad about aimlessly at the expense of her home-life. The business woman who is accurate, neat and painstaking at her work probably will keep a neat, clean, well-ordered home. If she is conscientious about her work and ever watchful to promote the interest of her employers, the chances are that she will be equally conscientious as a wife, and that she will take a lively interest in the success and progress of her husband. If she is invariably courteous to men and women who call upon her employer, always trying to serve them in his absence, you may depend upon it, she will cultivate her husband's friends and entertain them cheerfully. The business

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woman who does not buy more than she can afford and who is prompt in the payment of her debts does not easily develop into the wife who continually nags her husband for more spending money than he properly can give her, nor will she run him into debt. When a business woman keeps sweet in spite of the numerous and sundry irritations that arise in business, and does not lose her poise under ordinary provocation, she is not likely to fly into a tantrum every time her husband happens to differ from her in opinion or fails to put in his appearance for dinner at the appointed hour. The woman who by her conduct and the quality of her work wins and holds the respect of her employer, year in and year out, is pretty sure to keep the respect of her husband for a life-time. Also, the woman who manifests a steady pride in her appearance, and who invariably is immaculately neat and clean in store or office will not fall readily into the kimono habit after marriage, or neglect her hair, her skin, her hands and finger nails when she has retired to the comparative seclusion of her own home.

Since business has become Cupid's first lieutenant and more marriages are made every year through association in the store, office and counting room than through acquaintances in the ball room, the drawing room and on the golf course, every woman of marriageable age who has a pay envelope would do well to remember that as she qualifies for success in her business career, so is she likely to be judged as to her fitness for wifehood.

MEN "FORGETTING" TO PROPOSE



HERE is a little story, but a deeply human story that has been written thousands of times. It is the old, familiar story of the man who makes ardent love to a girl, who flatters and cajoles her, who says everything a lover can say excepting a proposal of marriage, and who while protesting his devotion with singular bravery, suddenly becomes timid when it comes to signing his name to a love letter.

Many a young girl deludes herself with the strange idea that the man who has the courage to declare his love is such a modest, shrinking violet that he cannot possibly have the hardihood to ask her to become his wife. Strangely enough, it does not occur to her that the man who possesses the prowess to tell her that she is the most charming of creatures, that she is the only girl he ever loved, that he does not know how he is to go on without her, that he thinks of her in every waking hour, that his love for her is like some rare and holy flame, might also perform the heroic feat of asking her to marry him, if that is what he really wants.

I am one who never could put much faith in that diverting story of Miles Standish who was so timid that he commissioned John Alden to propose for him to the fair Priscilla. It is one of those pretty fictions that have little to do with real life. It is not masculine to be timid. I cannot believe there is one man worthy of the name who fails in courage when he wants to declare himself. It is a pretty safe rule to follow, that if a man has not enough spirit to propose marriage to the girl he

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loves, he won't have enough spirit to take good care of her after he gets her. He is a weakling and she cannot make anything else of him. If all of the young and inexperienced women could be convinced of the truth of this statement, there would be far fewer tragedies in the form of broken hearts and ruined lives.

The very generosity of woman's nature beguiles her into misunderstanding and mistake. She imagines that the man, poor thing, needs to be courted, that he is suffering for a little encouragement from her. I'll never forget the pathetic appeal of a postal card note written by a trusting girl to a man who doubtless had quite forgotten her in the light of another's beaming eyes. "It has been so long", she wrote, "since I have heard a word from you that I have made up my mind you must be sick". Nothing is more difficult for the girl-heart to grasp than the cruel possibility of her having been supplanted in the affections of a man to whom she has given her heart. She can imagine a thousand ills and evils that may have overtaken him. The last thing that she can believe is that he never really cared for her and that the minute she was out of his sight, he quite forgot her. One time in a thousand the man will have been sick, or for some other legitimate reason, unable to communicate with his sweetheart, but in the other 999 cases, it will have been a matter of sheer indifference.

Despite the fact that women are fast achieving political and industrial equality, men are still the lords of this world. The man who loves is not afraid to tell it, and the man who wants to marry will somehow summon the courage to say that, too.

Here is something for girls to remember—no man fails

MEN "FORGETTING" TO PROPOSE

to sign his name to a love letter because of forgetfulness. There is something distinctly mean and small and sneaking about the unsigned love letter, and it deserves the same consideration that should be accorded the anonymous letter of attack. There is just one fitting place for it and that is the waste basket. The writer of the unsigned love letter is the same brand of coward as the writer of the unsigned letter of abuse or attack.

Girls—don't waste your precious sympathy upon the man who says everything but the one thing that you are waiting for him to say. Many a sweet young girl has gone to her doom because she took that one thing for granted, because she believed that the man honestly loved her though he failed to propose.

The only thing that makes a man too diffident to propose to a girl who is attractive and interesting to him is his unwillingness to assume the care of a wife and possible family. No man who truly loves lacks the courage to tell it, and no man who wants to make a woman his wife will hesitate long before breaking the news to her.

POETRY IN LIFE'S PROSE



HE impossible has happened. There has been one man in the world who found "a perfect wife". This is what he said of her in his last will and testament: "I want to say to the world that my wife, in my estimation, is the most perfect woman I ever saw, heard or knew of. She is endowed with marvelous courage, a very strong will, and an intensely high ideal of honor. Her love has never at any time diminished, but has grown always until I feel that it has reached the point that can reasonably be considered the acme of perfect love. I am the richest of men in that I am blest with the truest, the most honorable and loving wife in the world".

This exquisite tribute to a wife was set down in the will of the late Major Charles G. Baird of the 413th Signal Corps battalion, who as the directing head of all the telephone and telegraph lines used by the American expeditionary forces in France worked under such high pressure that he died of heart lesion.

To the newspaper reporters who besieged Mrs. Baird in her little home in the borough of Queens, New York, she asked smilingly, "Is it so strange for a man to love his wife and then say as much?"

It is stranger than it ought to be. Real love between man and woman should be the accustomed thing, not a nine days' wonder.

If it transpires that a marriage is a failure, the world usually assumes that it was a woman's fault. It was refreshing to hear the mother of sons say a few days ago

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that a good husband usually makes a good wife unless the girl is of very unpromising material. She declared that the majority of women change far less than men after they are married, that a girl is just what she is, whether she be single or married. Most men, on the contrary, she asserted, put their best foot forward until after they are married, when they unblushingly display their true natures.

When asked how she had won and held the love of her husband, "the perfect wife" answered that she "was trying all the time to do those things that made my loved one happy".

How many men or women put forth a conscious effort all the time to make their loved ones happy? How many form the habit of taking their loved ones for granted? A thousand things claim their time, attention, energy and thoughts. In the midst of a busy life, it is so easy to drift along on the tide of events, assuming that those with whom we live in close relation are well enough satisfied. Men and women, at least most of them, do not mean to be thoughtless or neglectful. They simply fail to understand what claims love makes upon others and what they want it to mean.

Women are keen judges of "the little things that count". And why should they not be? The world is made up of ant-hills rather than mountains. Life is the sum total of a great many small acts and occurrences, varied occasionally by big events. Women are much more discerning and fastidious about what men call mere trifles than the latter usually suspect.

Women are expected to be eternally on the alert to keep their husband's love. You read in all of the

advice-to-women columns in the newspapers and magazines that the wife must present a neat and attractive appearance before her husband. Why should this rule be one-sided? Why should there not be columns written to men about "How to Keep Your Wife's Love?" There is many a husband who, by his personal carelessness, makes himself just as distasteful to his wife as she is to him when she goes about in a faded kimono and curl papers. It takes two to hold up the tone of a family and renew the honeymoon from the first bridal day to the golden wedding.

Before marriage, the man assumes that the woman at his side is unable to step up the curbstone without his gallant assistance. After marriage she may toil up flights of stairs and carry heavy burdens. It may seem like a little thing for a husband to offer to carry the baby upstairs at night, but it is a little lift that will touch the heart of almost any wife. Most husbands are very courteous to their wives in public. They help them in taking off or putting on their wraps. They step back and permit their wives to pass through a door ahead. It is in the privacy of home that a husband's courtesy is put to the real test. If it be a veneer, he will save it for public exhibition. If it be genuine, it is something that, in the essentials, he never will forget to observe.

There are times when a wife is as hungry for demonstrations of love as is a little child. A woman is a woman whether she lives in a log cabin or in a stone mansion. Her nature craves little attentions, compliments and courtesies. If men understood this need of the feminine nature, this heart hunger of a wife for the expressed approval of her husband, they would say and

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do a great many more little things for their wives that they ordinarily do not so much as think about. Just a little word of appreciation for the wife's new blouse, for the hat she has so cleverly trimmed that she might help her husband save, the delicious dish she has prepared for dinner, the rearrangement of the furniture in a room, and a dozen other things women do to make their married life and their homes as successful as they can.

Why should the little courtesies and compliments and appreciations that make a woman happy be discarded after marriage? Why in the midst of the prose of every-day living should husband and wife forget all the poetry?

Perfect love would not be so rare a phenomenon if more husbands and wives, like Major and Mrs. Baird, "tried all the time to do those things which make the loved one happy".

INSIGNIA OF A LADY



WHAT is the first thing you notice about a soldier in uniform? Is it not the insignia he wears on his coat? Do you not look for those signs which indicate whether he is in the infantry or the artillery, whether he is a lieutenant, a captain, a brigadier or major general, or just a doughboy? Do you not also look for those gold stripes on his arm which indicate that he has seen service overseas?

Now, the soldier is not the only person in this world who wears insignia. Nor is the only kind of insignia that of army or navy.

Every woman displays certain insignia, though she may be quite unaware of that fact. What are the insignia we expect to see displayed by a woman? Are they not those of a lady?

What are the insignia of a lady?

Her dress, her manner and her speech.

Whenever you see a woman wearing the insignia of a lady, she does not do so by attracting attention to her costume, unless it be by its simple beauty, its elegance and that quality we call good taste. The very moment you look at a lady, you realize that she is in harmony with her surroundings; that she is wearing that which suits her, and that it is the right thing for the time and place. You say to yourself, "She looks like a lady". She has that something about every detail of her toilette which suggests refinement and gentility. It is an art to dress "like a lady", but it is one that every woman,

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regardless of her opportunities or condition, can acquire if she tries.

What of the insignia of manner?

In a word, courtesy, expressed by unfailing kindness and thoughtfulness of others.

The woman who displays the insignia of a lady by her manner never talks loud in the street. She is quiet, likewise, at public entertainments. No woman wearing the insignia of a lady will talk while an artist is singing or playing, or while a speaker is on his feet. She does not turn around when there is some disturbance at the rear of the room, nor does she stare as others enter or make remarks about them. If she goes into the house of God, she enters into the form of worship unostentatiously, and she does not scribble in prayer or hymn book or mutilate either one. She makes room if she can for others as they enter, nor does she stubbornly cling to the aisle seat.

The woman wearing the insignia of a lady does not rudely push ahead of others when entering a public conveyance. If a man is so gallant as to give her his seat, she murmurs a pleasant "thank you". She will offer her seat to an elderly woman or to one carrying a baby. She is courteous to all salesmen and saleswomen and she does not forget to speak to them a courteous word of appreciation when she has been well served. She is invariably polite in talking over the telephone, and she knows that "Central's" trying task is rendered no easier by the men and women who "bawl her out". She stands in the presence of older persons and she lets an older woman or a guest precede her through the door. She is as courteous to the members of her own family as she is to acquaintances and friends. And no matter

what may be her heartaches, she tries to radiate cheerfulness.

Invariably you can detect a woman's rank by her voice and manner of speech. An exquisite voice and manner of speaking are more engaging than beauty. In fact, nothing gives one so severe a shock as to hear harsh, strident tones or vulgar, low words issuing from the lips of a beautiful woman. Slang, unless it be used with great nicety and discrimination, creates an unpleasant impression. As for loud laughter, it is but "the noisy testimony of the joy of the mob". In conversation, it is well to talk often, but not to talk long, so that if you fail to please, at least, you will not tire your hearer.

Harmonious and appropriate dress, invariable kindness and courteous manners, a well-modulated voice and pure diction—these are the insignia of a lady. And she who displays them will be recognized as a lady whether she be in Fifth Avenue, New York or in the roughest frontier town in the whole country.

AFTER COLLEGE—WHAT?



VERY year thousands of young girls come out of finishing schools and colleges, wondering what they will do next. They have a vague sense of wanting to justify the time they have given to their schooling since they left high school and the money that has been spent upon them, both to their families and to their communities. Every conscientious graduate is eager to make her education function, and to make its value visible to the home-folk and her friends.

What happens to the girl graduate who emerges from finishing school or college, supplied with a lot of new theories which she feels that she must somehow put into use?

If she belongs to a prosperous family, she will be expected to fit back into the family circle and the community's social life. If she must go to work, nine times out of ten, she has been permitted to come out of college with nothing definite and tangible to offer to an exacting business world which in turn has nothing to offer her in the way of a position that will harmonize with her ambitions and ideals.

If she belongs to the first class, what can she do?

As a matter of fact, she does not know what to do except to follow the lead of her parents. Her father, who would have been utterly disgusted with a son that refused to prepare himself for a chosen vocation, has repeatedly discouraged his daughter from taking so practical a course. He argues that after she has been

away at college for four years, he and her mother want to have her at home with them, which is quite the natural feeling for parents. He tells her that he has plenty of money, and that she never will have to earn her own way. "It is so delightful for your parents to have you with them", the family friends say to her. She feels that she does owe something in the way of personal gratification, after all they have done for her. How many girls are proof against arguments of parental affection and the lure of a social career? If, indeed, they were so, would we not love them less?

Let us suppose, on the contrary, that the girl graduate decides that the wisest course she can pursue to save herself from boredom, if she does not like society, or to secure an income of her own, is to enter the business world.

But, what is the first thing she asks of the business world? Nine times out of ten you will hear her say, "Oh, I want to do something interesting". What does that mean? It means that she is not nearly so anxious to undertake a work that will be genuinely useful and constructive as something that will win instant applause from the crowd. She wants a task in which she can "express herself", one in which she can make "her personality felt". It is then she finds herself confronted with a barrier—the business world is looking for genuinely useful women who will work for their work's sake, not for women whose dominant idea is to exploit themselves.

"Since the home seems to be passing", said a mother, "it is hardly worth while to train one's daughters to be wives and homemakers, and yet, if they are in no im-


mediate necessity of making their own living, it does not seem quite the thing to fit them for business or professional life."

In the history of the world there never has been an era so trying to young women, who cannot know whether they are destined to be wives and mothers or women of the workaday world. Suppose a girl prefers the career of a wife and homemaker, and suppose she prepares herself for that. Society can offer her no guarantee that she will marry. Or, on the other hand, suppose she is educated for a profession at her own request; then to her own amazement and that of her friends, she may fall in love and marry following her graduation, when she is not much better prepared to take up homelife than her domestically inclined sister was equipped for a commercial career.

Countless young girls of the well-to-do class are left to drift when they come out of school. Forgetting that they are vital young creatures with the right to something more satisfying than a life of pleasure, we wonder why they become reckless and offend Mrs. Grundy.

For the present there appears to be only one fair way to meet this problem—I do not assume to solve it. That way is to train thoroughly every girl for some gainful occupation, and to permit her to follow that if she has the will to do so. In that event, she will not be tormented with the demon of futility, nor will she feel that she must apologize to her family and to society if she does not marry straightway.

THE CHEERFUL HUSBAND

“ F I should ever marry again, I hope that I will be so fortunate as to get a jolly man for a husband”, said a young widow who had divorced a chronic grouch. “There is nothing more depressing than the companionship of a man who is eternally in a bad humor. During the first years of my married life, I used to spend hours trying to think up interesting topics of conversation, and gathering up cheerful little stories to tell my husband, always in the hope that I could break through his gloom.”

Ill-humor is the most contemptible of faults because there is no excuse for it. The man who cultivates a sullen temper is the most selfish of all human creatures. He tears down everybody with whom he comes in contact and his very presence distills a poison that blights his associates. Many a wife who looks 60 at the age of 40 has aged prematurely because all during her married life she has had to bear with a husband's ugly disposition, his carping criticisms, and scowls and snarling comments.

Occasionally there is a man who thinks it is “smart” to make his wife afraid of him and who with more or less regularity stages a tantrum in order to keep her “toeing the mark”. He may be a “good provider”. He may not be otherwise brutal. But for all the fear and uncertainty and anguish he causes her, he almost might as well be an out-and-out villian—so much suffering does he cause.

I care not how talented a man is, if he says to himself,

"This world is my natural enemy, and I must keep an eye on it; I am going to watch my wife to see that she does not betray me; I have no faith in friendship or human kindness; nevertheless I am going to realize my ambitions and get what I want" is swimming against the current of the universe. His distrust of others breeds distrust in them, and his hardness arouses their suspicions. With every step he takes he puts a handicap on his efforts, and however great his material success, he will never get the fullest enjoyment of it. How different is the life of the man who says: "This world and our life in it is just about what we make it. Friendship gravitates toward those who deserve it and love is returned a thousand fold". Good flows to that man on every current, and a thousand unseen forces are set in motion to carry him onward to his goal.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox once said that she wished a professor or preceptress of optimism might be introduced into every school in the world. As a matter of fact, the science of loving humanity is more important than higher mathematics, and the fine art of keeping cheerful is more useful than a knowledge of a dozen foreign languages.

In order to protect ourselves from other peoples' glooms and ill-humor, we ought not to take their rudeness or complaining as personal to ourselves. We ought to realize that men and women's grouches usually are attributable to one of two causes, ill-health or lack of wholesome training. On the other hand, we should accept the kindness of people and their efforts to rise above their troubles as much for our benefit as their own sakes, as personal favors.

I have noticed this—that well-bred persons are seldom complainers. There is a streak of commonness in people who are persistently gloomy, grouchy or sullen, who cannot make themselves or anybody else happy, who are eternally suspicious of others, and who always can find something to fuss or fret about. One of the truest evidences of aristocracy is a courageous bearing through the ups and downs of every-day life.

Let no husband delude himself with the notion that he appears deep, profound or inscrutable when he maintains a sullen silence, and when he habitually opens his lips only to criticise. Men of the highest wisdom make a practice of maintaining a cheerful spirit and of seeing the best, not the worst in their fellow-men.

MARRIAGE AND THE MARGIN OF AGE



OW much difference should there be in the ages of men and women who marry? Is happy marriage possible between a man of mature years and a very young woman? Can an older woman and a very young man find permanent satisfaction in each other? Does a margin of two to five years promise the ideal basis for a successful union? Or, is a difference of ten years more favorable to sustained happiness?

From five to ten years is probably the safest margin of difference between the ages of husband and wife. As she grows older the average woman does not preserve the semblance of youth so well as her husband, unless she happens to be one of those fortunate persons who can take the utmost care of herself. When married couples reach the meridian of life, that is, between 40 and 50 years of age, the husband often appears the younger, a situation that is bound to inspire chagrin in the wife, who nine times out of ten, comes to fear that her spouse may be attracted to a more youthful form and face.

The successful man of business is often a miracle of freshness, youth and good looks until he is 60 years of age, for the man who has brains enough to make a success of his work has brains enough to not worry over conditions he cannot help. The contrary is true of a good many women who seem to find a voluptuous pleasure in making themselves unhappy, in fretting over details and fussing over a thousand petty things which

are quite immaterial and irrelevant to the real business of life.

There is something bordering on both the ridiculous and the pathetic in those instances of abnormal love where a woman of 40 or 50 falls desperately in love with a man many years her junior. In almost every case the passion that unites masculine May with feminine December is inspired by a woman of extraordinary brains, beauty or strength of character. The young man is dazzled by the mistress of a thousand subtleties. He is fascinated by her ability to bring out the best that is within him. Older women who have this faculty for attracting young men know how to make the shyest youth shine with an effulgent glory. They have an insinuating way of uncovering in a young and inexperienced man such depths as he did not before suspect in himself.


As men grow older their general tendency is toward specialization. The tendency of the ripening woman, on the contrary, is toward diversification. The more brilliant the woman, the wider are her interests, among which may be society, sports, art, literature, politics and travel. She establishes a thousand points of contact with people, and she learns a thousand ways to play upon susceptible human nature. This fullness of knowledge often renders her quite irresistible to a young man, provided she has also kept a certain amount of physical exuberance and the fine faculty for making friends with time. Women are usually drawn into affairs of this unnatural kind in the hope of renewing the sensations of their youth; or having made a mercenary or disappointing marriage in their teens, they seek in a second and

later union to experience the emotions they missed in the springtime of their lives. It is doubtful if the woman of 45 or 50 who is contemplating marriage with a younger man ever hesitates on the point of her own disillusionment, though she is almost sure to entertain a fear that she may be supplanted later in his affections by a woman nearer his own age. But, the chances are that she may tire of her youthful lover even before he has exhausted his resources of affection for her.

Disraeli's marriage was a happy exception to this rule. Overwhelmingly ambitious, he secured through his wife not only the money to consummate his ambitious, but the ripe experience and the steady heart and hand of a thorough woman of the world. Mrs. Disraeli adored her "Dizzy" as she called him, and naturally so, for no woman could have failed to be devoted to so brilliant and charming a personality as the great English statesman.

Unions among men of ripe years and young women stand a better chance of happiness, though they must violate in some measure that natural law which decrees that youth shall call to youth. Chauncey M. Depew, the delightful octogenarian, and his younger wife seem to have realized genuine happiness together. Luther Burbank at the age of 62 married his secretary who at the time was 30 years old. Where a young woman and an older man are in accord temperamentally, it may be possible for them to achieve a fairly happy and satisfactory marriage. Any abnormal element entering into marriage, however, is sure to be prejudicial to the ideal happiness, for May naturally loves May, and December loves December, and as Kipling would say, the twain shall never meet.

GLORY OF THE DINNER HOUR

“REAKFAST is the poetry of eating.”

“Strong with the invigoration of sleep, still animated with the intimacies of soap and water, a man comes to his breakfast like a boy. A boy comes down like winged mercury and takes his seat as if alighted on a heaven-kissing hill. Breakfast is the work of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and no doubt caused the arrogance that wrought his fall. Freshness sits at your right hand, the dust of the day has not settled on your soul, and you meet your fellows like morning stars shining at each other. ‘Good morning.’ What a delightful greeting! Did a ‘Good evening’ ever sound so musical as ‘good morning’ when the first fragrance of coffee, muffins and honey bursts upon the anticipating senses? Tripping downstairs is almost like flying, and pulling out one’s chair gives the last fillup to the appetite. Everything is welcome and welcoming.”

Who but a man could have such sentiments? Who but a man could approach the breakfast table feeling and looking like a morning star? No female of the species could be so sentimental. “Poetry of eating”—indeed. Of all the repasts that take place in one round of the clock, none is so songless, so lack-luster as breakfast which is the very prose of pasturage. Luncheon is only a shade less interesting, coming as it does between the morning’s effort and the afternoon’s ennui and

fatigue. It is not until the tea-hour that feminine humanity begins to feel salubrious, for tea with its delightful tonic quality and aromatic fragrance is touched with the enchantment of the closing day.

Breakfast never has held for us the interest that it did for certain Englishmen during the last century. Being workers in America, devotees of the strenuous life, we get ourselves out of bed, dress, drink our coffee and hurry away to business. The only incident of the American breakfast is the American newspaper, taken without comment.

It never seems to have occurred to us to copy the delightful breakfasts that were given by Sidney Smith. We never have celebrated such morning festivities as Daniel Webster wrote about in 1839 when he met at breakfast in London "Boz", Tom Moore, Wordsworth and many other distinguished Englishmen. Men do not give breakfasts in this country, and when women hold them, they occur at 12 o'clock.

"The wife who permits her husband to see her before the luncheon hour does so at her peril", declared a man who is wise in the ways of this world. Fine advice for the plutocracy, but doubtful for the proletariat. There is a large modicum of truth in it, however, and if Balzac were here to consult about it, he likely would characterize so daring a woman as either a philosopher or a fool. Women are not at their best at breakfast. Only children and men get up with the freshness of the morning upon them, and doubtless there would be fewer domestic infelicities, if all households had cooks to prepare breakfast for all husbands, and wives could post-

pone their appearance until a kinder hour of the day.

As for dinner—ah, there is something warm, pagan, exotic about dinner, when woman is in her element.

When a woman goes out to dinner with a man for the first time, little does he imagine how much is going to depend upon the way that dinner goes off. If he studies the menu with the business-like manner that he would scan the day's report of the markets, or a railroad time-card, it bodes ill for future romance. But if he scans the *carte de jour* to discover some delectable dish that will tempt the illusive appetite of his divinity, if he insists to the waiter that every dish shall be more skillfully, more exquisitely prepared than it ever was prepared before, she is made secretly happy. One course follows another, all too quickly until finally they sit over their coffee, talking about the only thing that is worth talking about—love—until the waiter brings the bill. Then, if he glances at the bill nonchalantly, and pays it like a prince, even though he be not very wealthy, and arising from the table, he waves aside the waiter and himself folds his Angelica in her cloak, she is suddenly caught up into heaven among the rosy clouds of romantic love.

But, who can think of love at breakfast? Who feels like pouring out a libation to his Gillian? Who could look raptly over the breakfast table into his Sylvia's blue eyes? Over the breakfast table there falls none of the gold and purple radiance which shines over the ceremonial of dinner. Breakfast lacks the enchantments of comradeship, the sense of romantic adventure shared which one may feel at dinner. At breakfast there are no

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divine frivolities, no exquisite coquettries; there is no snatching of the fearful and wonderful joys of dinner, no hint of that mysterious paradise which came into being when "male and female created He them".



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